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DELE, THE SALESLADY;

A Drama of Present, Popular Interest,

DRAMATIZED EXPRESSLY FOR

MISS AGNES WOOD,

BY

JOHN ALFRED MACK,

FROM THE NOVEL OF "THE SALESLADY," WRITTEN BY HIM FOR THE "NEW YORK WEEKLY,"

UNDER THE PSEUDONYM OF

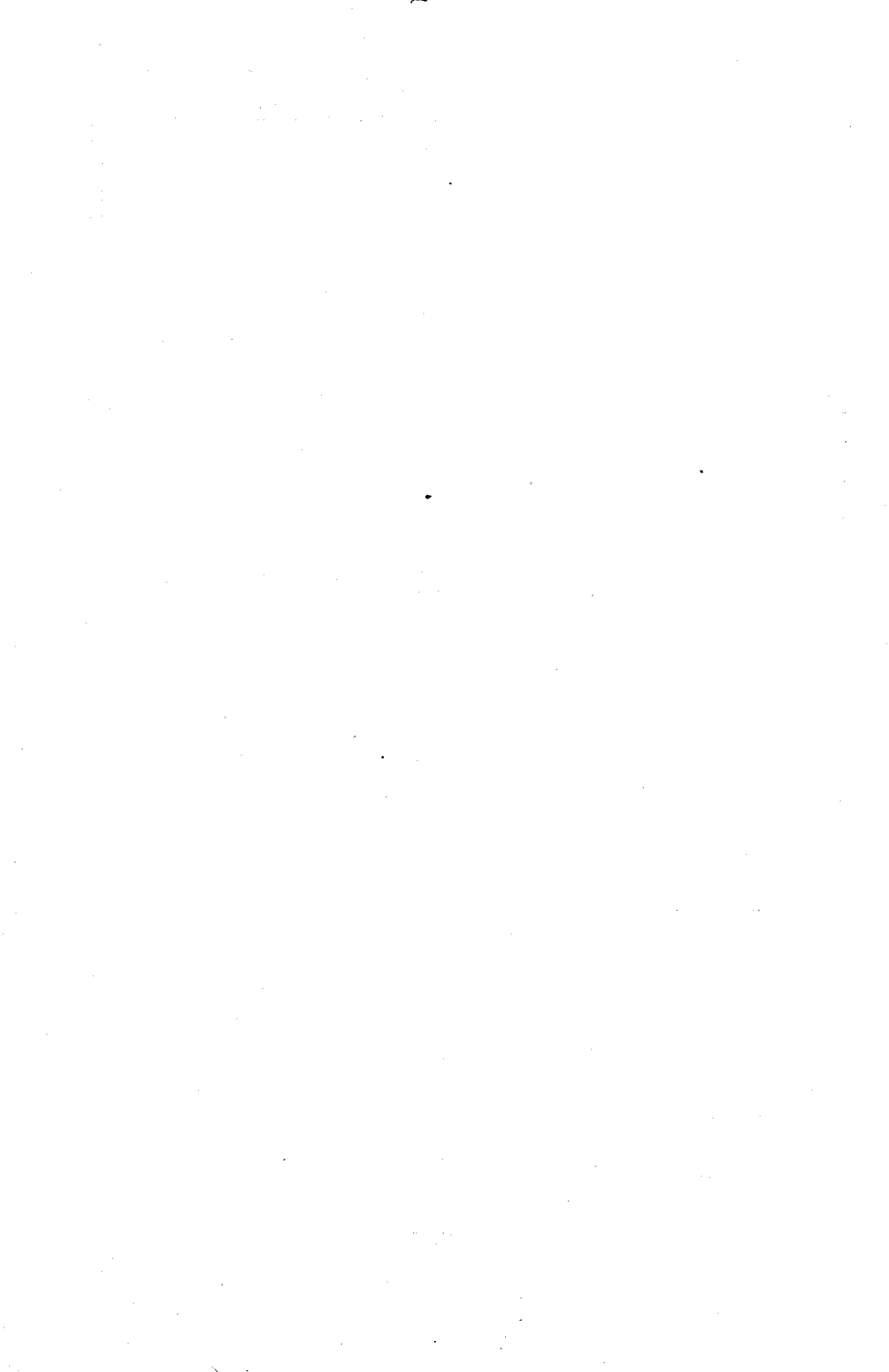
ESTHER CLARE SUMMERSON.

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NEW YORK:

JOHN POLHEMUS, 102 NASSAU STREET.

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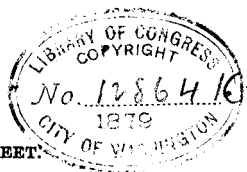
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ADELE, THE SALESLADY. PS 2357 M33 117

First produced at the Bowery Theatre, under the management of FERDINAND
W. HOFELE, April 28th, 1879.

Stage Director Mr. MAURICE PIKE.
Prompter Mr. W. MURRAY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARTHUR THORNTON, who preferred independence and poverty to dependence and luxury	Mr. J. P. WINTER.
JUDGE THORNTON, his Father, who thought Arthur headstrong, but "Egad, I'm the same myself"	Mr. CHAS. FOSTER.
COL. ROBERT BARTON, a broken Dandy, lately on his travels...	Mr. MAURICE PIKE.
RUFUS BIGGABY, Good-natured, generous, and a victim to Bella	Mr. NEIL GRAY.
PELEG PEDDIGRIN, Attorney and Counselor who knows the power of attorneys	Mr. G. C. DAVENPORT.
AUGUSTUS CLARENCE MAPLETON, Floor-walker, whose appreciation of his merits was as strong as his morals were weak.	Mr. EDWARD BRINK.
POLICE JUSTICE JONES, who changes the attitude of the M. P..	Mr. AYLMER COOPER.
LORING LOWCRAFT, who discharges his duties and the salesladies	Mr. C. F. SEABERT.
HOWELL DOILL, Sergeant, the most desartlass man to be constable	Mr. GEO. DOUGLAS.
WILLIAM LOCKITT, Doorman, worthy coadjutor for his Sergeant	Mr. WILLIAM MAGEE.
MOSBY SALTID, Patrolman, fit fellow for his mates	Mr. JAMES BIGLIN.
VARRY CLEVER, Detective in Pleasanton & Co.'s, not as clever as he thought	Mr. C. F. SEABERT.
ASA LIFTER, a Gentleman with a mania for appropriating personal property	Mr. M. BOND.
JAMES, a Serving Man in more than one sense	Mr. WM. MAGEE.
 ADELE ELLESMERE, The Saleslady, alone in the World	 Miss AGNES WOOD.
HULDAH DELMARTE, The Tigress. "Cunning past man's thought"	Miss KATE GLASSFORD.
BELLA GOLDEN, an Encyclopedia of exclamations, but no nonsense about her	Miss MILLIE SACKETT.
MRS. GOLDEN, Bella's Stepmother. "Mrs. Golden, Number Two	Mrs. W. G. JONES.
MRS. CROSSLEY, Lodging House Keeper, whose Heart was as hard as her Hearth	Miss ELLA ADAMS.
MRS. SILLUCK, who was not permitted to peaceably pocket her own Ribbon	Miss ETHEL GRAY.
MARY TRUSLOW, Saleslady in Pleaston & Co.'s	Miss ETHEL ALLEN.
SARAH MADDERN, her working Companion	Miss BELLE BARRIE.
JULIA CORSON, another Companion, "Cash"	Miss ADA FOSTER.
TILLY TAKEER, Mr. Lifter's partner on "appropriating excursions"	Miss JOSIE PATTERSON.

SALESLADIES, STREET VENDERS, COSTUMERS, ETC.

ABSTRACT OF SCENES AND EVENTS.

ACT I.—TRIED BY AFFLICTION.

Scene 1.—*Exterior of Mason & Co.'s Dry Goods Emporium.*

"It's oh to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this be Christian work."

Song of the Shirt—Hood.

A sweetheart who loves foolishly, and too many. BELLA tells ADELE's story. The mercury falls in consequence of the arrival of Mrs. GOLDEN Number Two. A cold nature that cannot chill a kind heart. The SALESLADY and the Superintendent. A princely firm and a beggarly salary. How to add to the profits. Old Friends meet. Sunshine! A Rival! One who knows the weight of a complaint against a Saleslady. DISCHARGED.

Scene 2.—*Broken Down Court.*

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none."

Bridge of Sighs—Hood.

A Woman without a Heart. Adele turned away to wander through the snow "HOUSE-LESS BY NIGHT!" The gentleman who lives on his wits, and the gentleman who lives on his wits. A New Committee on Ways and Means. "I never admit anything." "What, not even punch?" "Well—." A stray pair of Doves. The longest way round the shortest way home. Sorrow dissipated by supper. A broken-down Coach drives a party to Broken-Down Court. A Pedestrian Challenge Accepted. ALONE IN THE WORLD! Adele's Despair. "Death seems so peaceful!" Brave once more. The last repulse. "Die, then!" "And dying thus around us every day!" A Beggar. The meeting. DYING IN THE SNOW!

Scene 3.—*Hallway of Judge Thornton's House.*

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful Knight could not for ought be staid."

Faerie Queen—Spenser.

An inquisitive Old Man and a worried Young one. Arthur's Resolve. An Admiring Father. "Egad, I'm like him." Another Resolve.

Scene 4.—*The — Precinct Police Station.*

"Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,
And the creature run from the cur?
There thou mightst behold the great image of authority:
A dog's obeyed in office."

King Lear—Shakespeare.

An intelligent Officer. A Trio of them. Ignorance in Power. Adele's afflictions doubled. IN A CELL! A Doughty Champion. Boasting, perhaps; profane, certainly; but he meant it. A brace of Judges for a pair of Knaves. A VICTORY.

ACT II.—SUNLIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Scene 1.—*Judge Thornton's Home.*

"New hope may bloom
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As loves young dream."

Moore.

Comfort after suffering. A welcome visitor. A pleasant chat. Somebody's sweetheart. ADELE's assertion! An unintentional eaves-dropper. A Saleslady once again. "THE OLD, OLD STORY!" Arthur asks a straightforward question. The answer. "No, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

Scene 2.—*A Street.*

Then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple sliding Knee.

Sea Dreams—Tennyson.

A worthy couple, one of which won't be snubbed. A bribe. The bribe accepted. A bowl of punch and a paraphrase. A secret mission and a secret love. Both disreputable. A MESSAGE FOR ADELE!

Scene 3.—Huldah Delmartes Home.

"And now a tale of love and woe,
A woeful Tale of love I sing—
Hark gentle maidens, hark, it sighs
And trembles on the string."

Coleridge.

Waiting for her rival. An offer refused. THE SALESWOMAN AND THE BELLE. "Sell my love, never!" The TIGRESS reveals herself. A lamb the Tigress does not affright. WAR TO THE KNIFE! Another visitor. The Tigress sheathes her claws in velvet, and purrs. A Scheming woman and an easily duped man. The rivals, FACE TO FACE. The accusation. Mendacity personified. Huldah indignant. The Judge's ultimatum. A TRYING SITUATION. A BRAVE GIRL. DARKNESS.

ACT III.—A GLINT OF SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

Scene 1.—Interior of Pleaston & Co.'s Dry Goods Store.

"Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cypress, black as ere was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers;
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking sticks of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel;
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy."

Winter's Tale—Shakespeare.

"Ca-ash!" How ladies shop. The lady who don't know what she wants. "Let me see that stuff, please?" "Ca-ash!" "How much for that?" THE ATTORNEY AND THE FLOOR-WALKER. The lady who does know what she wants. "Give me a yard of tape." The private detective. THE LADY WHO STOLE THE RIBBON. SEARCH HER! A mistake. Mr. Lifter and his fair partner justly indignant. ADELE AT HER POST. An over-officious servant. The cheery BELLA. An avowal of love. AN INSULT. THE INSULT RESENTED. RUFUS AND BELLA.

Scene 2.—Apartment in Huldah Delmarte's House.

"I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart."

Burns.

The Tigress, the Fox, and the Jackal. A worthy attorney and a charitable lady. The love smitten Mapleton. A generous and disinterested offer. An easy gull. A private interview. The Tigress and the Fox plot against the Jackal. The result.

Scene 3.—Mrs. Golden's Parlors.

"I am a by-word * * *
Point at me and make merry."

Queen Mary—Tennyson.

The Ball. Bella in her element. The unpaid District Telegraph Messenger. The fair cross-examiner and her reasons. THE SURPRISE. Love's young dream again. United once more, never to part again. The Tigress springs. Friends to the defense. The defeat. "The weapon you wielded has wounded yourself."

ACT IV.—RETRIBUTION.

Scene 1.—The Cottage on Staten Island.

"Thin partitions to divide
The bounds where good and ill reside."

Burns.

THE CAPTIVE. In the toils. A polite jailor. A catalogue of cosmetics, comforts and confections. A suitor's quietus. Correspondence solicited. An indignant conspirator and an indifferent companion. The captive and the counsellor. Familiar questions and family names. THE FORGED LETTER. Hopelessness of Adele. A dissipated claimant. The determined villain. THE RESCUE.

Scene 2.—Room in Huldah Delmarte's House.

"A legal broom's a moral chimney sweeper,
And that's the reason he himself's so dirty."

Don Juan—Byron.

The News Carrier and his Client. A proposal and a refusal. Threat for threat. A beggar changed to a dictator. "If I do not hear from you by nine o'clock, you will hear from me at eleven."

Scene 3.—The Reception Parlors in the Delmarte's Mansion.

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

Longfellow.

A sound of revelry by night. A gallant party. A bankrupt hero and his reception. An unexpected visitor. The messenger again on duty. A cautious damsel. A lovemaking with the love all on one side. A proposal. "THERE SHE STANDS!" Charge and counter-charge. Retaliation. A change of position. Farewell of the Broken Dandy. A Deserted Attorney. A clear turn-out. A Matrimonial offer. Accepted. SUNSHINE AT LAST.

ADELE, THE SALESLADY.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST :—"EXTERIOR OF MASON & Co.'s DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT."

Scene represents large plate glass windows with dry goods dressing the windows. The two windows and large door c. occupy entire width of stage. The windows are lit up. Salesladies enter c. d. and exit R. and L. At rise of curtain street venders of toys, music, shoes, suspenders, balloons, etc., crying their wares. Ladies and gentlemen crossing the stage. MUSIC for rise to continue until "So I've caught you."

STREET VENDERS (together). Balloons, nice suspenders, cheap slippers, writing paper, Baby Mine, Pinafore, ten cents, two for a quarter.

(Enter RUFUS BIGGABY, R. 1. E., backing on raising his hat, waving handkerchief and kissing hand as if to some lady off R.)

BIGGABY. Ah, good evening; good evening. How do? How do? Pretty girl. *(Enter L. 1 E. BELLA GOLDEN, sees BIGGABY, crosses to R., threatening him.)*

BIGGABY. Ah, there's another *(bows)*. Ah, ta ta; pretty little darling! *(BELLA takes him by ear, brings him to c.)*

BELLA. So, I've caught you, Mr. Biggaby.

BIGGABY. What, Bella! My owny, towny Bella!

BELLA. Yes; ownwy, towny, indeed. You better call the girls you were flirting with, owny towny.

BIGGABY. Never. Have I not sworn to love but thee, and do you think I would perjure myself for so small a thing as a girl?

BELLA. Didn't I see you kissing your hand to somebody?

BIGGABY. Undoubtedly, my pigeon; but, what of that? Because I am the happy possessor of the most perfect piece of statuary must I then refuse to be pleased by every other beauty in the world of sculpture?

BELLA. Oh! if you put it that way.

BIGGABY. And I do, so to speak.

BELLA. Then I forgive you. But, how did you know I was coming here this evening?

BIGGABY. *(Aside.)* How did I know that? *(Aloud.)* How did I know that—can you ask, my tulip?

BELLA. Did I tell you I was coming here to meet my dear friend Adele?

BIGGABY. Did you tell me? Do you ask me that my Camelia?

BELLA. You know I lost sight of her for a long time—ever since we went to school, until the other day I ran against her.

BIGGABY. Ran against her, my tuberose—for how much a side. Who won, my daffy-down-dilly?

BELLA. Now, Rufus, if you don't stop teasing I won't say another word. I mean I met her in the street. She was very poor and was crying. She had not a friend in the world. But her tears were flowing, not because she was poor, but because work had been refused her. And why do you think it had been refused?

BIGGABY. Why, my cauliflower?

BELLA. Because she did not have a good black dress.

BIGGABY. You don't mean it, my cabbage?

BELLA. I do.

BIGGABY. But why didn't she ask you for one, my oleander?

BELLA. Proud, Rufus, proud. But she got the dress for all that.

BIGGABY (*with feeling, taking BELLA's hand.*) Thank you for that, Bella. It was like you.

BELLA. And since then I have often run into the store to see her; and that's what brought me here this evening—just to say how d'ye do, you know.

BIGGABY. Well, I wish she'd make haste for it's going to snow and I begin to feel cold (*shivering.*) B-r-r.

(*Enter L. 1 E. Mrs. GOLDEN. Stops on seeing BELLA.*

BIGGABY *on seeing Mrs. GOLDEN backs toward R. frightened.*)

BIGGABY (*Aside.*) Oh! the iceberg, as it were.

Mrs. GOLDEN. You here, Isabelle? May I ask why you are standing in the street unprotected.

BIGGABY. Unprotected! Ahem, Mrs. Golden, observe this strong right arm.

Mrs. GOLDEN (*To BELLA.*) I cannot imagine why you select such coarse persons for companions.

BELLA. Now, look here, Mrs. Golden, number two, you and I are no relation, if you are my father's wife, and don't you attempt to rule me. I'm not afraid of you.

Mrs. GOLDEN. Rule, rule; you are impertinent, miss.

BIGGABY. (*Aside.*) B-r-r! It's fifteen degrees colder since that icicle appeared.

BELLA. Name a friend of mine who is not as good as myself.

Mrs. GOLDEN. The other day you brought a shop girl to the house, a—a—I forget her name.

BELLA. You mean Adele Ellesmere?

Mrs. GOLDEN. Yes—I never was so shocked. I insist that these associations be discontinued.

BELLA. Insist—you insist—who are you to insist?

BIGGABY (*Aside.*) Aha, now the old gal's in for it, as it were.

Mrs. GOLDEN. I am your father's wife—the mistress of his house.

BELLA. But not of me, Mrs. Golden, number two. You talk about Adele Ellesmere because she is poor—you who didn't have one penny to jingle against another before you tricked my poor father into marrying you.

BIGGABY (*Aside.*) I knew she'd get it.

Mrs. GOLDEN. Really, your circle of acquaintance improves your manners; you are beyond redemption. Go with whom you please, but do not inflict your a—a—a friends on me or my house. Are you going home?

BELLA. Law sakes alive! if I was I wouldn't walk with a Griffin. I'm waiting for Miss Ellesmere, and so is Rufus. Oh, my lands, Rufus, you must be frozen!

BIGGABY (*shivering*). Oh, no! oh, no! I never was more comfortable.

Mrs. GOLDEN. Oh! if that is the case, it is indeed time for me to go. (*Going, R.*) But remember, I'll have no more such common people at the house. Shop girls! What next?

(*Exit, R. 1 E.*)

BELLA (*mouthng after her*). M—m—m—m—I'll have anybody I like. There! (*To BIGGABY*). But come, Rufus; I'm in such a temper I don't want to meet Adele just yet. We'll return in a moment.

BIGGABY (*R. C.*). All right, my china-aster. But I say, let's go to the theatre, after you've seen Miss Ellesmere.

BELLA. But I haven't had any dinner.

BIGGABY (*taking her arm and going L.*). I never saw such a girl for eating. I've a great mind to open a restaurant. I'd make a fortune just on the money I spend for you. Come on.

BELLA. Oh, Rufus! ain't you just too awful!

(*Exeunt L. 1 E.*)

LOWCRAFT (*speaking outside*). I tell you I can do nothing for you, Miss Ellesmere.

(*Enter LOWCRAFT, followed by ADELE.*)

ADELE. Will you not listen to me, Mr. Lowcraft? Or if you, as superintendent, will not listen to a saleslady, I, as a lady, ask you to bestow upon me the courtesy of a gentleman.

LOWCRAFT (*R.*). Well, what is it?

ADELE. Last Wednesday I came to work here—to work for two dollars a week. Little enough in all conscience, is it not?

LOWCRAFT. You accepted it gladly, small as it is.

ADELE. I did ; and that acceptance proves my poverty. Yes, I accepted it, and have worked faithfully. Now, to-night I am given for my four days' toil—what think you?—one dollar!

LOWCRAFT. Well, a piece of ribbon was lost, the price has been deducted.

ADELE. It must have been stolen.

LOWCRAFT. Undoubtedly it was.

ADELE. And I must pay for it. This great firm cannot afford to lose thirty-three cents, but they feel no shame at deducting it from the scanty wages of a woman.

LOWCRAFT. This firm can afford to lose nothing, you should have cared better for the goods under your charge.

ADELE. So, besides being accountants and saleswomen we should also be thief-catchers?

LOWCRAFT (*crossing L.*). Oh, don't bother me any longer.

ADELE (*crossing R.*). I will not. I appealed to a gentleman. I was mistaken.

LOWCRAFT (*feeling in pockets*). Confound it, you have made me forget my keys and papers. Take my advice and go home.

(*Exit C. D.*)

ADELE (*going slowly L.*). Home, ah, would that I could even call my wretched garret home.

(*Enter L. 1. E., ARTHUR and HULDAH arm in arm followed by JUDGE THORNTON. ARTHUR drops HULDAH'S arm and runs to ADELE.*)

ARTHUR. Yes, it is she. I was sure of it. (*Taking her hands.*) Why, Adele—I should say Miss Ellesmere—I am so glad, indeed I am. Father, this is Adele Ellesmere—Miss Ellesmere ; 'pon my soul I never was so delighted. (*JUDGE bows to ADELE.*)

HULDAH (*crossing R.*). Humph! An old acquaintance.

ARTHUR (*L. C.*). Old acquaintance! nothing of the kind. We are old friends, aren't we, Miss Ellsemere? Permit me, Miss Delmarte, Miss Ellesmere. (*Introducing.*) But what are you doing here?

ADELE (*C.*). I am working here.

ARTHUR. Strange that you should be working. What has happened? Where do you live now? I must call—that is father and I.

ADELE. My home is so poor that I could not have you call there.

ARTHUR. But I may hope to meet you—father and I together—as you walk homeward some evening. (*JUDGE T., ARTHUR and ADELE converse in dumb show.*)

HULDAH (*Aside*). He called her Adele, and she blushed. They must not meet. All's fair in love, and I know how to prevent their meetings. I know the effect of a complaint in one of these

large dry goods establishments. (*Aloud.*) Gentlemen, will you pardon me for a moment? If it is not too late I will leave an order in this store. (*Gentlemen bow, HULDAH bows.*) (*Exit c. d.*)

JUDGE T. Your father dead, how sad, and how strange I should not have heard of it.

ADELE. Not at all, since you have been abroad for two years.

JUDGE T. But we did not lose interest in our friends. We often thought of you and your father, did we not, Arthur?

ARTHUR. Oh, yes, very often of Miss Ellesmere, and, oh, yes, yes, of her father too.

(*Re-enter HULDAH.*)

HULDAH. (R.) Gentlemen, I wait your pleasure.

ARTHUR. So soon?

HULDAH. That sounds as though you were sorry.

ARTHUR. Oh, no (*crosses to HULDAH, offers his arm*). Come father, come. I warn you against father, Miss Ellesmere, he's a terrible ladies' man.

ADELE. Ah, then your failing is hereditary.

JUDGE T. (*crossing R.*) Go along with your nonsense (*raising hat*). Good evening Miss Ellesmere.

ARTHUR. Go along Pop, go on (*pushing him off R.*) Don't forget, Miss Ellesmere, I will see you again.

HULDAH. (*Aside.*) Perhaps.

ARTHUR. Good-bye. No, *au revoir* (*raises hat. Looks at HULDAH to see if she is watching him and kisses hand to ADELE.*)

ADELE. He was proud to recognize me. He did not care for my poverty. I wonder who Miss Delmarte is? Hump, she has very pretty eyes, Miss Delmarte. But pshaw! I will not think of her. I will think of Arthur and the thought will gild my poor hovel and make a palace of my garret.

(*Enter LOWCRAFT C. D.*)

LOWCRAFT. Oh, you're here yet, are you? So much the better.

ADELE. (*Aside.*) What can he mean. (*Aloud.*) You wish to speak to me?

LOWCRAFT. Yes, you need not come here Monday.

ADELE. What!

LOWCRAFT. I say you need not come here Monday.

ADELE. Discharged?

LOWCRAFT. That's the order. (*Going R.*)

ADELE. Oh, this is too cruel. One moment, sir.

LOWCRAFT. Well, what do you want?

ADELE. Tell me why—why am I thus cast off. Have I not been attentive?

LOWCRAFT. I got my orders from the head of the firm.

ADELE. I will go to him—plead with him.

LOWCRAFT. He's just gone home. Besides it would not do you any good. Girls are too plenty and too glad to work. Some one

made a complaint against you, I believe ; so you wouldn't stand a chance. Better look for another place. (*Exit R. 1 E.*)

ADELE. Worked like slaves, treated like criminals—nay worse—criminals are allowed to defend themselves. Oh, it is cruel, inhuman, satanic ! Heaven forgive these people, for they have much to answer for (*going L.*) and heaven give me strength for I feel that I can battle no longer. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

SCENE SECOND:—"BROKEN DOWN COURT."

Exterior of Mrs. Crossley's lodging house. A square with house at R. S. 2 E., four steps up to door with rails. Practical door in house, and R. S., over door a practical window. Lights behind windows. Platform behind window. Street lamp at 1 U. E., and 1 R., both lit. Music till ADELE on. It is snowing hard. Sound of wind blowing.

(*Enter L. U. E., ADELE.*)

ADELE. (*shivering*). Oh, 'tis very cold ; the wind cuts like a knife, and the snow beats like a cruel lash ! How I dread to meet Mrs. Crossley ; but I must, for out here I shall freeze.

(*Goes to D.*)

(*Enter D. in F. Mrs. Crossley. Comes down steps.*)

Mrs. Cross. (*shading her eyes*). Oh, it's you, is it ?

ADELE. Yes, Mrs. Crossley.

Mrs. Cross. Did you get your money ?

ADELE. Yes, I'll give you all I received.

Mrs. Cross. Well, give it to me.

ADELE. (*handing money*). It is only a dollar. They deducted me and—and—

Mrs. Cross. And what, what ?

ADELE. Nothing—that is to say—I—

Mrs. Cross. You are hiding something from me. Are you trying to keep money from me ?

ADELE. No, no, Mrs. Crossley, but, oh, I am so unfortunate, I have been discharged.

Mrs. Cross. Discharged, eh ? Too airish, I suppose. Well, I'm tired of idlers.

ADELE. But let us go in the house, Mrs. Crossley. Oh, it is so cold. (*ADELE starts to go, Mrs. C. stops her.*)

Mrs. Cross. You need not go in the house.

ADELE. What do you mean ?

Mrs. Cross. I mean that I am tired of you and your airs. You must go—go. Do you hear ?

ADELE. No, no, Mrs. Crossley, you cannot mean that. I have no where to go. I must perish in the streets. (*Coaxingly*). You

did not mean it, did you, Mrs. Crossley? You will not turn me away to-night. I will get work, and I will soon pay you.

Mrs. CROSSLEY (*Going R.*). Go. I tell you. I've done with you. (*Savagely.*) (*Exit D. R. S., slamming D.*)

ADELE (*running up steps*). No, no, no, no, no. Oh, do not leave me here alone (*beating on door*). You cannot wish to kill me. Oh, please let me in. Hear me, I beg. I pray, see, on my knees I pray to you.

(*Re-enter Mrs. C. She seizes ADELE, drags her off her knees, and pushes her off steps. ADELE falls. Music.*)

Mrs. CROSSLEY. Go, I tell you—go to some of your rich friends and see if they'll care for you. (*Exit D. in F.*)

(ADELE looks around dazed, slowly rises.)

ADELE. C. Alone in the world. A homeless wanderer in the streets. I am like one in a dream. I cannot even weep. But must on, on—here I shall freeze (*shivering*). Oh, I am so cold. Where shall I go? To whom? Ah, to Bella—great-hearted Bella Golden (*going L, then stopping*). But her stepmother is so cruel she may refuse me. (*Going L.*) If she do refuse me, then? Ah, then this cold white snow is like to be my winding sheet.

(*Exit L. U. E.*)

(*Enter L. 1. E. Col. BARTON. At same moment enter R. 1. E. PEDDIGRIN. They cross to C., stop and gaze at each other in surprise.*)

PEDDIGRIN. It is just possible that you are Colonel Barton.

COL. B. Not only possible, but undeniably true. And you, I see, are Peddigrin the pettifogger.

PEDDIGRIN. Pettifogger, sir. You would not say so if witnesses were present.

COL. B. If thousands were present—because I am safe. I have no money, and you wouldn't sue me.

PEDDIGRIN. No money, eh? Your normal condition.

COL. B. The some old state. "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour," as my old friend, Tommy Moore, used to remark.

PEDDIGRIN. But consider, Colonel, pettifogger you called me, a reputable attorney and counsellor-at-law, pettifogger.

COL. B. Well, you certainly are not a shining light, yet still I recant.

PEDDIGRIN. I accept the apology. You are cold to me because you think I dislike you on account of your little victory over me in that action, but you mistake, dear boy, I never admit anything, but I will assert that that action went the very way I wanted.

COL. B. Then you admit you wish to be friendly?

PEDDIGRIN. I never admit anything—too smart for that; but I will state that you may be friendly with me.

COL. B. I will. Lend me fifty dollars.

PEDDIGRIN. I never lend anything, dear boy.

COL. B. Well, give me it, then. We won't quarrel about a word.

PEDDI. I will—

COL. B. Aha—good old fellow.

PEDDI. I will think of it.

COL. B. Time makes no change in you.

PEDDI. No. What have you been doing?

COL. B. Living on my wits—which means living on the absence of wit in other people, as my good friend Charley Dickens said.

PEDDI. (*Aside.*) He appears to know nothing. She may want me to use this may-fly. (*Aloud.*) Since you are so impecunious I wonder you do not apply to a certain party—you know whom I mean.

COL. B. No, no, never. Ask me to leap over Niagara's foaming crest and I will do so with comparative pleasure; request me to enter the raging lion's den and I will smile a smile of happiness; bid me to catch the seething thunderbolt, and joy, sweet joy, will irradiate this manly brow; but order me to meet that howling simoon to which you refer, and I grow pale, my limbs quiver, and, in short, in vulgar idiom, I weaken.

PEDDI. Humph, you may be right. Which way do you go?

COL. B. Your way.

PEDDI. I go this way. (*Pointing L.*)

COL. B. Then so do I.

PEDDI. But you were coming from that way.

COL. B. All ways are alike to me. Ah, that reminds me. I am a man of many ways. You are a man of much means. (*Takes PEDDIGRIN'S arm.*) We will resolve ourselves into a committee of ways and means. I'll produce and you'll pay for a bowl of steaming punch (*going L.*). Come, come, admit a little warmth and jollity into your dry old skeleton.

PEDDI. I never admit anything.

COL. B. What, not even punch?

PEDDI. Well, ahem. I'll not admit it. I'll a—a—drink it.

(*Exeunt L. U. E.*)

(*Enter R. I. E. BELLA followed by BIGGABY. BELLA crying — stamping feet and beating hands to keep warm. Snow on shoulders and hats of both.*)

BELLA (L. C.). Oh, boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

BIGGABY (R. C.). Now, Bella, dear, stop that bawling. In consideration of the weather I may say stop that snow-balling, as it were.

BELLA. Oh, I'm so cold!

BIGGABY. Well, it's your own fault; you said you knew a short cut.

BELLA. Well, you need not take me up so short.

BIGGABY. We'll be fortunate if we're not both taken up—taken up for tramps. Where are we?

BELLA. I, boo-hoo, don't know.

BIGGABY. Come, Bella, be a man.

BELLA. I can't—physiologically, boo-hoo, impossible.

BIGGABY. Well, be brave; brace up, so to speak. Remember the society to which you belong, of which you are the cream.

BELLA. I'm freezing, I'm freezing!

BIGGABY. Then you will be the ice cream (*looking off L.*). Hooray!

BELLA. Law sakes, Rufus, this isn't a mass meeting.

BIGGABY. Bella, I know where we are.

BELLA. Then, Rufus, take me home, take me home.

BIGGABY. Bella Golden, within ten minutes' walk from here is the daintiest little restaurant—

BELLA. Oh my, Rufus, you dear!

BIGGABY. And we'll go there.

BELLA. Goodness gracious me, let us go.

BIGGABY. You're in something of a hurry.

BELLA. Well, I like to eat, and I say so. I'm not like some girls, who say when they're out, "Oh, nothing but a lady's finger, thank you, or a cream puff," and then go home and devour a couple of pounds of beef.

BIGGABY. No, Bella, you are not like that.

BELLA. Well, what are you waiting for? Don't let us freeze to death.

BIGGABY. What, are you cold yet?

BELLA. Of course I am; do you think I'm a stove?

BIGGABY. Well; yes, a sort of self-feeder. Cold, eh? I'll make your blood tingle.

(*Sings polka, takes her round the waist and dances L.*)

BELLA. My stars, Rufus, are you mad? Let me alone. I'll scratch you. (*Dance off I. E. L.*).

(*Enter L. U. E. ARTHUR and HULDAH arm in arm, followed by JUDGE T., snow on clothing.*)

JUDGE T. (L. C.) I cannot express my regret, Miss Delmarte, that our carriage should break down and leave us in such a plight.

HULDAH. (C.) My dear Judge, I rather like it. There is a Bohemian flavor about it that suits me.

ARTHUR. I am infidel enough to doubt you and believe your complaisance rather than your feelings speaks. There should be a cab stand near here. (*Going R.*)

JUDGE T. (*going R.*) And should no cab be there?

ARTHUR. Then trudge back and (*to HULDAH*) test your pedestrianism.

HULDAH. And shame your infidelity.

(*Music. Exeunt R. 1 E. laughing. Bell strikes slowly eleven; a deep toned bell. Enter L. U. E. ADELE, weak, covered with snow; staggers down C. Noise of wind. Lights in windows out.*)

ADELE (*shivering*). Oh, how bitterly the wind blows! Oh, I am so cold. Driven from the door by the liveried servants of that proud, bad woman who told me Mrs. Golden did not know me, why should I struggle any longer? I have made a brave fight for life. I have done all I can. No one will grieve for me. And, oh, death seems so peaceful, such happiness in comparison with the existence I am bearing—if it were not so wicked! Yet surely the One above must know how cold I am, how hopeless, and yes—oh, how hungry (*drying tears*). But I will not despair. I will still be brave. I will appeal to Mrs. Crossley once more (*going up C. calling*). Mrs. Crossley, Mrs. Crossley—will you not answer me?

(*Mrs. CROSSLEY appears at window with burning candle in hand.*)

Mrs. C. Who is it?

ADELE. 'Tis I, Adele Ellesmere. Oh, Mrs. Crossley, will you not let me in? You would not have my death upon your soul. I will die if you do not take pity on me.

Mrs. C. Then die (*closes window*).

ADELE. No, no, no, no, Mrs. Crossley, you cannot mean it. Do not abandon me. Let me even lie in your hallway like some vagrant dog (*pause*). No answer? No answer. Then all hope is gone (*C.*). I am dying—dying in the streets for no crime, no fault, no reason save that I have been honest and am poor. And not alone—for hundreds are dying like me every day. Oh, God! why must we working women sacrifice our bodies to misery to save our souls for heaven! Hark! the sounds of footsteps in the snow. Dare I—dare I beg. Adele Ellesmere a beggar! Yes, yes, it must be. (*Goes up R.*)

(*Enter ARTHUR, HULDAH and JUDGE U. R. 1 E. They cross to L. U. E.*)

ARTHUR. How annoying! not a cab to be had. You can gratify your walking proclivities, Miss Delmarte.

JUDGE T. Her arctic proclivities would be more germane to the night. Br-r (*shivering*).

(*ADELE crosses L. and follows them slowly until they are at L. U. E.*)

HULDAH. You will see I was not boasting.

ADELE. Charity—Oh, sir.

(*ARTHUR turns while under gaslight, ADELE recognizes*

him, throws shawl over her face, shrieks and runs to C. Chord. ARTHUR, HULDAH and JUDGE T. exeunte L. U. E.)

ADELE. Arthur, my God, Arthur! *(Falls fainting C.)*

SCENE THIRD.

(Hallway in JUDGE THORNTON'S house. Enter L. JUDGE T. and ARTHUR in street costume. ARTHUR undecided whether to remain or not—moving as if to go, then changing mind.)

JUDGE T. *(C.)* Well, Arthur, what is the matter? Ever since we left Miss Delmarte at her door you've been acting in the queerest way. Aha, I have it. By Jove, you've been smitten by Miss Delmarte!

ARTHUR. Miss Delmarte be—

JUDGE T. Ahem—be what?

ARTHUR. Well, be married. That's what she seems to wish most to happen.

JUDGE T. And she might have a worse ambition. But let us go to my room, and then over a glass of mulled sherry and a segar you will forget your annoyance, whatever it may be. *(ARTHUR pays no attention, appears in deep thought. Judge looks at him quizzingly.)* Humph! How did you like Miss Delmarte's singing *(Pause)*. Eh?

ARTHUR. Eh? Oh, very well *(Absently)*.

JUDGE T. That was a pretty song she sung *(Pause)*. Eh?

ARTHUR. What's that? Oh, yes, very.

JUDGE T. And she sang it very tenderly did she not? *(Pause.)* Eh, what did you say? *(Mock pathetically.)* Alas! I have suspected it for some time, but now I know it to be too, too true! I have grown deaf, yes, very deaf, for I did not hear one word of my son's answer.

ARTHUR. I beg your pardon, father, but the truth is I am worried—very greatly worried. *(Aside.)* It could not have been—and—no, no.

JUDGE T. What are you muttering about, and what can very greatly worry you?

ARTHUR. *(seriously)*. Father.

JUDGE T. Bless my soul, what?

ARTHUR. You remember when we were crossing Broken-down court?

JUDGE T. Age has not affected my mind so greatly yet but that I may say I do.

ARTHUR. But seriously, father.

JUDGE T. Well, then, seriously, my son.

ARTHUR. Do you remember that a woman came to us begging?

JUDGE T. I do, and that we gave her nothing, to our shame be it said.

ARTHUR. Never mind charitable regrets now, father. Tell me did you notice her face?

JUDGE T. Well, no, it was too dark. I saw well enough, though, to see that she was young, and, I thought, good looking.

ARTHUR. Tell me, did the face appear at all familiar to you?

JUDGE T. Well, now that you speak of it—yes, it did. Why do you ask?

ARTHUR. To corroborate myself, that's all?

JUDGE T. What do you suspect?

ARTHUR. Father, do you think that begger-girl looked at all like Adele Ellesmere?

JUDGE T. Like whom?

ARTHUR. Like Adele Ellesmere.

JUDGE T. Why, yes, somewhat (*laughingly*); but to say so is scarcely a compliment to Miss Ellesmere.

ARTHUR. Father, that face has haunted me ever since. It has seemed to appeal to me, and I can resist it no longer.

JUDGE T. What do you intend to do?

ARTHUR. I intend to satisfy myself whether or not that girl was Adele.

JUDGE T. Why, you are mad. You are insulting to the lady to think so.

ARTHUR. Father, Adele is proud, is poor, and when pride goes hand in hand with poverty one knows not where it may lead the victim. I cannot rest. I must prove or disprove my suspicions.

JUDGE T. Humph, you take an extraordinary interest in Miss Ellesmere!

ARTHUR. I do. Some day I will tell you how great an interest. (*Going L.*)

JUDGE T. The best wish I can make is that you will be completely disappointed.

ARTHUR. I hope that myself. Good night.

JUDGE T. Think again before you go. The night is terrible—snow, slush, sleet.

ARTHUR. Father, I would go if I had to skate one-half the way and swim the other. (*Exit L.*)

JUDGE T. Ah, youth, youth, youth! Did one ever see so headstrong a man? Let him set his mind on performing any certain act and that act will be performed or all creation will crack—and—damn me, I admire him for it. I'm the same myself. Egad, I'll go with him! (*Going L., then stopping.*) But, stop; I can do better. I'll run over the way, rouse up my friend, Police Justice Jones, and take him with me, for a young girl cannot wander at midnight in New York without interference from the noblest police in the world, and after him my power will be exercised, for if that girl be old Ellesmere's daughter, I'll sentence her myself—(*going L.*)—sentence her to imprisonment for life in an asylum, and if the asylum be not the best room in this house, then—then I'm not Judge Thornton. (*Exit L.*)

SCENE FOURTH.

(Interior of Police Station. Scene boxed in. C. D. in flat. Door on R. S. At L. side at 2d E. a platform on which is Desk, on desk books, paper, pens, ink, etc. Gas yet burning at each end of desk. In front of desk, and about 3 feet from it, a railing which must be strongly braced for ADELE to fall against. Chair at D. R. S. and chair on platform behind desk. Wind-box ready, and snow ready for each time C. D. opens. SERGEANT DOILL discovered sitting in chair on platform and DOORMAN LOCKITT sitting at D. R. S. Both are dozing. C. D. is pushed open; noise of wind heard and snow is blowing in, and ADELE is rudely thrust on by OFFICER SALTID, who enters after her and closes C. D. Both are covered with snow. ADELE reels. SALTID catches her by the arm.)

SALTID. Here, now, none o' that. *Leads her to railing L. and leans over and raps on desk with club. SERGEANT wakes.)*

ADELE. Where am I—who—what are you?

SALTID. Oh, gammon!

ADELE *(dazed)*. Do I dream?

SERGEANT *(taking pen and opening book)*. Hello, what now?

SALTID. A prisoner, Sergeant.

ADELE. A prisoner! *(Falls against railing.)*

SERGEANT. What's the charge?

SALTID. Drunk and disorderly.

SERGEANT *(looking over desk)*. I should say she was. Too drunk to stand up. Drag her up. *(SALTID roughly lifts ADELE and holds her.)* Wot's yer name? *(ADELE moans.)* Cryin' drunk, ain't she?

SALTID. I should say so.

SERGEANT. Where did you find her?

SALTID. Found her lyin' in the snow in Broken-down Court, and so I took her in.

SERGEANT *(to ADELE)*. Here, stand up straight and answer me. Wot's yer name, hey? *(ADELE moans.)*

SALTID. Why don't yer tell yer name?

SERGEANT. Oh, she's too far gone. *(To LOCKITT)*. Hey, Bill, take her down.

(LOCKITT crosses, takes by the arm and pushes her toward R. She breaks from him and runs sobbing to the platform, falls on her knees, appealing to SERGEANT, who is looking through book. LOCKITT crosses, raises her up roughly, pushes her to R.D., opens door and pushes her through doorway; then exit, closing door. Sounds of coarse laughter and singing while door is open.)

SALTID. Well, I've got to go, but I dread it. (*Going up c.*) I tell you, it's a terrible night.

(*Exit c. d. Wind and snow while D. opens, D. closing.*)

(*Re-enter LOCKITT, sits at D., R. S. Noise as he opens door. SERGEANT looks up.*)

SERGEANT. Humph! Nice gang you've got down there to-night.

LOCKITT. I should think they was. Them that ain't singin' is cryin', an' them that aint singin' or cryin' is a howlin'.

(*Enter hurriedly ARTHUR c. d. Wind and snow when door opens. He crosses to desk, L.*)

ARTHUR. I have just met the officer who arrested a young lady in Broken-down Court. The description he gave me answers exactly to that of a lady I am searching.

SERGEANT. Ladies don't get locked up. This one aint no lady; she's drunk.

ARTHUR. How do you know she is?

SERGEANT. 'Cos she was run in.

ARTHUR. In these days that is not always a reason. Can I see her?

SERGEANT. Well, I don't care. Let him down, Bill.

ARTHUR. No, no. If she be the lady I suspect, she would die of shame to be seen in a cell. Cannot you permit her to come here?

SERGEANT. Well, I don't know. I guess I'll humor you. Fetch her up, Bill.

(*LOCKITT rises, open door on R. S. Coarse laughter at first.*)

LOCKITT. Sh-h! Listen! (*Music.*)

ADELE. (*Heard outside.*) Father, forgive them; they know not what they do. And, Father, help me in this the hour of my direst need!

(*LOCKITT exit D. R. S.*)

ARTHUR. Her prayer is heard.

(*Enter D. R. S. ADELE dazed; looks around, sees ARTHUR, runs to him. LOCKITT re-enters.*)

ADELE. Oh, do not let them take me to that dreadful place again. Save me!

ARTHUR. Do not fear, poor child; you are safe. (*To SERGEANT.*) Now, sir, what do you mean by locking up this young lady?

SERGEANT. Young lady! ho, ho, that's good—lady!

ARTHUR. Yes, lady. And if you repeat your sneer I swear I'll leap upon that platform and throttle you.

SERGEANT. Oh, you're a fighter. (*To LOCKITT*) Take down the gal.

(*LOCKITT crosses to ADELE.*)

ADELE. Oh, Arthur, Mr. Thornton, do not let them thrust me in that cell!

ARTHUR. I will not. (*To LOCKITT*) Do not dare to lay a finger on her. (*To SERGEANT*) I am the son of Judge Thornton. I answer for this lady's respectability. Let her remain here until I can summon my father.

SERGEANT. Oh, bother. She'll go down to her cell.

ARTHUR. I say she will not.

SERGEANT (*roaring*). I say she will!

ARTHUR (*quietly*). It may sound like boasting, and it certainly is profanity, but (*Taking off overcoat*) I'm damned if she will.

SERGEANT (*jumping off platform and crossing to ARTHUR*). What, you threaten me!

ARTHUR. Yes, you bully.

SERGEANT. There. (*Rushes at ARTHUR.*)

(*Enter C. D., wind and snow when door opens, JUDGE THORNTON, followed by POLICE JUSTICE JONES, whose face is hidden by a scarf.*)

JUDGE T. I would not be hasty. Because, ahem! that son of mine can hit back.

SERGEANT. Oh, there are more of you, eh! (*To LOCKITT*) Take down the girl. (*LOCKITT moves to do so.*)

JUDGE T. Don't you do it. (*LOCKITT stops.*)

SERGEANT. What, you won't! Then I'll take you down myself. (*Seizes ADELE.*)

ADELE. Oh, no, no!

SERGEANT. Come on, come on.

JUSTICE JONES. I say let the lady go free! (*Removing scarf.*)

SERGEANT. And who the devil are you!

ARTHUR. Ha, ha! Permit me to introduce Police Justice Jones.

(*SERGEANT starts, releases ADELE, and bows obsequiously to JONES. ADELE is supported by ARTHUR for a moment. Bell for curtain. ARTHUR places ADELE in JUDGE THORNTON'S arms.*)

ARTHUR (*to JONES*). Judge, will you have the kindness to turn your back.

(*JUDGE JONES turns back to ARTHUR. ARTHUR knocks down SERGEANT.*)

ARTHUR. I've been aching for that all night!

(*LOCKITT, R. JUDGE T. and ADELE C. ARTHUR and SERGEANT L. C. JUSTICE JONES L.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.

(*Parlor in JUDGE THORNTON'S house, elegantly furnished. Carpet down. Piano at 2 E. R. Table L., on which are flowers, one of which is real rose. Song by ADELE before curtain rises. Curtain up at last note of song. ADELE discovered seated at piano. Enter C. D. BELLA in street winter costume. Runs to ADELE. ADELE rises.*)

BELLA. Don't for mercy's sake say a word to me Adele—I've done nothing but cry for the past week ; but don't say anything to me, for goodness knows I can't bear it, and—and—I'm so glad to see you well again.

ADELE. And I—I am glad to see you, Bella. But why should not I speak to you ?

BELLA. Why I thought after the way you were treated at my house you'd want to blow me up sky-high.

ADELE. Oh, that terrible night ! I shall never forget my utter despair as I staggered down the steps, spurned from your door.

BELLA. By Mrs. Golden, number two. By Mrs. Golden, number two. Not by me.

ADELE. Ah, Bella, I can never forget, either, that you are always kind, that I am indebted to you for the very clothes I wear.

(*ADELE sits on piano stool with back to piano. BELLA takes chair, places it in front of ADELE, and sits.*)

BELLA. Oh, I kind ! Never mind me. Law sakes alive, I'm nobody. If it's any satisfaction to you I can tell you, though, that as soon as I heard about the way you'd been treated, I had an out and out settlement with Mrs. Golden, number two. I tell you, we did have it ! I told her one or two pretty plain truths right before father.

ADELE. Now, Bella, you must not permit your affection for me to make you enemies at home.

BELLA. Good lands, don't you worry about that. But Rufus—Rufus, when I told him ! Well there ! He couldn't have been madder if he had had the hydrophobia.

ADELE. Now, Bella, Bella !

BELLA. I mean it—why he actually jumped up and said (*muttering*), Um, Mrs. Golden, number two ! You know—a swear-word D. Mrs. Golden, number two !

ADELE (*laughing*). Oh, that was simply horrible. And what did you say to him ?

BELLA. Nothing. I was sorry I wasn't a man, so that I could do it too.

ADELE. Oh, you silly, good-natured girl.

BELLA. But I came as near as I could to saying it. I thought it.

ADELE. Well, Bella, let us think no longer of that sad night; (*shuddering*); rather let us think of the kindness of these good friends of mine, Judge Thornton and Mr. Arthur Thornton, who brought me here to their home and treated me as if I were their near kin, and since my recovery have made me the queen of their household. But how did you know I was here?

BELLA. You spoke of me when you were delirious. Young Mr. Thornton hunted the dictionary—I mean directory—until he found pa's address and me, and asked me to come here, and of course I did—every day—

ADELE. You're so kind and—oh (*rising and crossing to table L.*), what beautiful flowers! Did you send me these, Bella? (*Takes rose.*)

BELLA. I did not. There's some one who would turn this room into a conservatory if he was permitted, who sent those flowers. My stars, I never saw a man so madly in love before!

ADELE. Whom do you mean?

BELLA. Dear me, do you mean to say that you don't know Arthur Thornton is in love with you?

ADELE. Bella, don't.

BELLA. My sakes, there's no harm in it! He's young, handsome, and has lots of money, although I don't suppose you would ever marry for money.

ADELE (*laughing*). Don't be too sure of that, Bella!

BELLA. Why, gracious sakes, what do you mean?

ADELE. I mean this, Bella, dear. I have suffered. I have seen poor girls treated like slaves. I have seen them endure torture, insult, to keep respectable and earn an honest livelihood. Well, Bella, if I could not marry the man I loved—mark you, love is above everything—if I could not marry the man I loved, I would marry, if I could, some rich man, so that with the money I would have I could do something at least to alleviate the sufferings of poor working girls. (*JUDGE THORNTON appears at C. D.*) So you see, Bella, there is an unhappy situation in which fate might place me, and then, most assuredly, I would marry for money.

(*JUDGE THORNTON starts at last three words. Enters C. D. and comes down C. BELLA rises and replaces chair. ADELE L.*)

JUDGE T. You don't mind an old fellow like me coming in unconventionally, I am sure, Miss Adele. I am glad to see you are improving so rapidly.

ADELE. I am sure I must always be pleased to see you, if only to attempt anew to thank you. I say attempt, my dear Judge, for I don't know how I ever can thank you.

JUDGE T. By never speaking of it, and by striving to forget, not us, but that which you deem our kindness, and which really was our privilege and our pleasure.

BELLA. (*Aside.*) I tell you the old fellows know how to say the pretty things better than the young ones.

JUDGE T. Don't think, Miss Golden (*bowing*) that I am forgetting you.

BELLA. Oh, don't mind me. I'm not one of those who want all the attention. I'm going now, anyhow.

JUDGE T. Don't you break the *tête-a-tête* (*To ADELE*). Were you going to ask me anything?

ADELE. Yes. I was about to ask if you had obtained the position for me you were so kind as to promise to solicit?

JUDGE T. Yes, unfortunately.

ADELE. Unfortunately?

JUDGE T. Yes. I had hoped you would not leave us; but I admire your independence. I have obtained a position in Pleaston & Co.'s great store, where you may call and arrange the terms at your own convenience.

ADELE. Many thanks, my dear Judge. I will go this afternoon.

BELLA. Well, I declare! You don't mean to say, Adele Ellesmere, that you intend to stand behind one of those horrid counters again, do you?

ADELE. What else can I do? I must work.

BELLA. There's my house.

ADELE. Ah, no, Bella. My life is destined to be one of labor. You would not respect me should I consent to live idly and be supported by you.

BELLA. My lands, what nonsense!

ADELE (*laughing*). Well, I should not respect myself, and that's even worse.

BELLA. Oh, dear; it's useless to talk to you. But really I must go.

JUDGE T. May I not escort you? (*Offering arm.*)

BELLA. Oh, you old gentlemen, you old gentlemen! You are hard to beat for gallantry. (*Takes his arm.*)

JUDGE T. (*going up c.*). You are complimentary to us old gentlemen.

BELLA (*looking over her shoulder*). Adele, I say. If Rufus could see this, wouldn't he be jealous, eh? My lands!

(*Exeunt c. d.*)

ADELE. (*crossing to piano, sits and plays*). Ah, my misfortunes have been blessings at least in finding for me a sweet remembrance in two such kind hearts. (*ARTHUR appears at c. d.*)

ARTHUR. May I come in Miss Ellesmere. It's wretchedly lonesome.

ADELE. Surely, Mr. Thornton—why not? (*Rises.*)

ARTHUR (*coming down c.*). She is alone, (*aside,*) and now's my chance, or never. (*Aloud.*) You are yourself again, I trust?

ADELE. Oh, yes. (*Sits.*)

ARTHUR. I—a—a—

ADELE. Eh?

ARTHUR. I—a—a—think I'll sit down. (*Sits L.*)

ADELE. Do so.

ARTHUR. Why don't you play? You were playing as I came in.

ADELE. Absently. An excuse for thinking. Would you not rather talk?

ARTHUR. Oh, yes. I don't care for your playing—that is to say, of course—I—certainly, let us chat. (*Aside.*) What is the matter with me? I never felt confused, frightened like this before.) *Aloud.*) You said?

ADELE. No—did I? I don't think I did.

ARTHUR. I—a—a—thought you did.

ADELE. I may have said—said what? What did you think I said?

ARTHUR. Eh? Oh, nothing—nothing—

ADELE. Perhaps I did. (*Playing with rose.*)

ARTHUR. That's a very pretty rose.

ADELE. Yes. I believe I must thank you for it.

ARTHUR. Certainly you must—no—no—I mean, not at all.

ADELE. Do you like the—do you like the—do you like the name of Rose?

ARTHUR (*decidedly*). No, not at all.

ADELE. I do.

ARTHUR. So do I—so do I.

ADELE. I think it's a very pretty name.

ARTHUR. I know a prettier name.

ADELE. What?

ARTHUR. Your name.

ADELE (*lowering her head*). I don't think so; do you?

ARTHUR. (*Aside.*) Aha, she blushes! I've commenced, I must proceed. (*Aloud.*) I do, I do.

ADELE. What, Mr. Thornton?

ARTHUR. I think it's very warm, don't you. (*Aside.*) What is the matter with me?

ADELE. I haven't been out, but I thought it was very cold.

ARTHUR. So it is—so it is—freezing. I've—a—a—noticed, do you know, that it generally is a—a—cold this season of the year?

ADELE. Yes, it generally is cold in Winter.

ARTHUR. But I think it will grow warmer as the day advances.

ADELE. I hope so, for I must go out this afternoon to see about my position. (*Rises; looks over music.*)

ARTHUR. Position? May I ask what position?

ADELE. The one your father obtained for me.

ARTHUR. And you are going away from us? (*Aside.*) Then I

am brave again. I have the courage born of desperation. (*Aloud.*) You will go to other friends—relatives perhaps.

ADELE. I have no relatives, that is none whom I know, or who know me.

ARTHUR. No relatives?

ADELE. I said I knew and was known to none. My father had no relatives, and as the match between him and my mother was a runaway one, which offended her family, all communication with her relatives ceased, and I never knew a member of her family.

ARTHUR. The old family obstinacy.

ADELE. Yes. She died when I was very young; and then poor, dear father—I have learned this since—took to wild speculating. Therefore, when one day, without warning, he died, no one but myself was surprised that he had left me unprovided for.

ARTHUR. And so you are going out to fight the world again (*crossing to ADELE*). I wish your convalescence would take months yet.

ADELE. That is rather an odd wish, Mr. Thornton.

ARTHUR. Not so odd as selfish. It has been so pleasant to have you here. You shed a lustre on the old house, I assure you.

ADELE. You are more than complimentary. You flatter.

ARTHUR. No, I vow, I had no intent to flatter.

ADELE. You are sadly changed since first I knew you. You were no flatterer then.

ARTHUR. Let us be in earnest, Adele. I may call you Adele, may I not? (*Pause. ADELE rises; crosses to c. ARTHUR follows.*)

ARTHUR. I have not offended you, I trust?

ADELE. Oh no, oh, no.

ARTHUR. You grew so quiet I was afraid I had.

(*Taking her arm and crossing and re-crossing. Music pp.*)

ADELE. Oh, no. I did not know I had become quiet.

ARTHUR. Father and I are very lonesome here, and you have seemed like a ray of sunlight that had stolen into the darkened home of us two men.

ADELE. Oh, Mr. Thornton, you must not speak, so I ought not to listen (*endeavoring to withdraw hand from his arm.*)

ARTHUR (*restraining her*). Therefore we are both sorry that you must leave us; yet we hope— Adele you did not tell me whether I might call you Adele. May I? (*Stopping c.*)

ADELE (*withdrawing hand and plucking rose leaves*). Y—yes, if you like.

ARTHUR. I do like. I was about to say: we hope our efforts to make you happy here have been crowned with success enough to make you sorry to leave.

ADELE. Indeed, they have. Very, very sorry. I have been so happy here, I were heartless did I not feel sad to go.

ARTHUR (*taking both her hands*). Then, Adele, why should you go? Adele, I love you—love you with all the passion, all the tenderness, all the heart of a man. When I left you I did not know my own heart well enough to speak, but ere long I discovered who was its queen. When I returned, still loving—loving, no, for love had grown to worship—I sought for you, but could find none who knew your hiding place. At last I found you. You came here, and I have grown to feel that parting with you were harder than parting with life. Therefore I am forced to tell you of my love. Speak one word to me. Tell me if I may hope to win your heart; tell me if I have won it. Tell me, Adele, do you love me?

(ADELE looks up at ARTHUR, then looks down; tears rose, drops it. ARTHUR opens his arms.)

ADELE. I have always loved you, Arthur. (*Falls in his arms.*)

ARTHUR. "There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream!"

SCENE SECOND :—A STREET IN WINTER.

(*Salesladies and promenaders crossing R. and L. during scene.*)

Enter L. JULIA CORSEN and SARAH MADDERN together, followed by MARY TRUSLOW.

JULIA. Where's Mary?

SARAH (*turning*). Oh, there she is.

JULIA (C.) (*to MARY*). I never did see such laziness. What's the matter with you?

MARY (L. C.). Oh, I'm tired to death standing all day, and not even allowed to rest against the counter. I'm scarcely able to walk.

JULIA. You don't mean to hint that you are too tired to go with our sleighing party to-night?

MARY. I should have to be very tired to refuse to go sleighing.

JULIA. Well, let us hurry up. We ought to run over our songs before they call for us.

SARAH. Yes. Let us be perfect, for I'd as lief have soup without salt as a sleigh ride without good singing.

MARY. I wish the sleigh would come along now and take us home.

JULIA. I'll tell you. You come home with Sarah and me.

(*Takes MARY's arm. Goes R.*)

SARAH. Yes, and that will give us time to practice. (*Going R.*)

JULIA. Then let us make haste, for I wouldn't miss to-night for anything less than a black silk dress and a seal-skin sacque.

SARAH. Or an increase of salary.

MARY. Oh, pshaw! Why not wish to be married to Astor, or some such impossibility.

(*Exeunt R.*)

(*Enter R. PEDDIGRIN and COL. BARTON.*)

PEDDI. Now, Colonel, I have business—good. I wish to go about it—better ; you go about yours—best.

COL. B. But my worthy Lycurgus, I have no business to go about, and I hang to you.

PEDDI. But, I don't want to be hung to ; it's unprofessional.

COL. B. Possibly. But not being professional myself, I hang—hang like the scent of the roses round the shattered vase of my good friend Tommy Moore. Oho, I suspect, I suspect, a petticoat ! A petticoat, you old Don Juan ! I scent a Fair Penitent. Am I right, Lothario ? Admit it.

PEDDI. I never admit anything. I may—mark you—I may have an engagement.

COL. B. Her name—her name ! Hebe, Psyche, Euphrosyne—tell me, Silenus. Aha, Silenus is good ; I'll be Bacchus, and we'll go on the bacchanal—in vulgar parlance, jamboree—together.

PEDDI. Nonsense, you madman. Will you leave me ?

COL. B. What, without seeing the “little French milliner ?” clk. (*Digging him in the ribs, as in “School for Scandal”*) “The little French milliner,” clk. ! as my old friend Dick Sheridan put it. Not I.

PEDDI. Don't be alarmed. The engagement I have is one of business.

COL. B. Business, ha ! ha ! on the street ; at this hour, when all the Dianas, the Euterpes and the Venuses are going home to Olympus to take tea ? Oh, no.

PEDDI. Now, my dear Colonel, listen, I will make—

COL. B. What, an admission ?

PEDDI. No, no ! I never admit anything.

COL. B. What, then, a bargain ?

PEDDI. Well, a contract—a contract, dear boy. You know the saloon on the next block ?

COL. B. Counselor, I know all the saloons, and I am known in all of them—generally unfavorably. But, proceed.

PEDDI. If you will go there, order dinner and wait for me, I will pay the score.

COL. B. I will do it. Far be I from interfering with any man's matters of—

PEDDI. Colonel !

COL. B. Business—business—matters of business ; particularly, when I gain a dinner by refraining ; I go. (*Going R.*) But, oh, you said nothing about punch.

PEDDI. Order punch to your heart's content.

COL. B. Aha !

A nod to the handsome bartendare,
A quart of the Royal Lochingare,
Lemon and plenty of loaf-sugare,
And very, very, very little hot watare.
Punch, brothers, punch, with care,
The bill will be paid by the old lawyare.

(*Exit R.*)

PEDDI. Ah, he's gone. He might go to His Potency who is credited with always finding work for such hands as his, for all I care, but Miss Delmarte orders otherwise, and Miss Delmarte must be obeyed (*rubbing his hands*). Oh, pretty Miss Delmarte! pretty Huldah! She dotes on old Peddigrin, old Peddigrin who never admits anything. Ho, ho, ho! he, he, he! (*seriously*.) and she's right—she's right—she can trust old Peddigrin, —because I love her—ho, ho! I love her. Oh, such an elegant woman she is! Such a toothsome morsel! And old Peddigrin knows what he's about—oh, don't he, don't he? And old Peddigrin's got a couple of trumps to play when the time comes (*coldly*). But this is not business. (*Takes wallet from pocket and letter from wallet*.) Let me read Huldah's orders. (*Reads*.) Um, um—"Do this at once. If you have watched Thornton's house, you must know who Adele Ellesmere is." (*Speaking*.) I saw her for the first time to-day. (*Reading*.) "Meet her and tell her to come to my house at once, at once, remember." (*Puts up letter and wallet. Going R.*) Humph, I know she went to Pleaston & Co.'s yonder—and I know she hasn't come out—so here goes to obey Huldah. Oh, pretty, pretty, pretty Huldah! (*Exit R.*)

SCENE THIRD :—PARLOR IN HULDAH DELMARTE'S HOUSE.

Scene boxed in. Window, handsomely curtained L. Carpet and elegant furniture. C. D. in flat. Key in door. HULDAH discovered at window L. looking out anxiously.

HULDAH. Peddigrin cannot have failed me. Too much is at stake for Peddigrin to grow careless now—happiness, position, fortune. Ah! he has had failed. She ascends the stoop—she must not ring. (*Exit C. D. hurriedly and immediately re-enter followed by ADELE*.) I've been waiting for you. I want to talk to you. Be seated.

ADELE (*Sitting R*). What do you wish to say that you send for me in this mysterious way?

HULDAH. I suspect you are engaged to be married to Arthur Thornton, are you?

ADELE. (*Aside*.) I knew it was about Arthur. (*Aloud*.) I do not recognize your right to catechise me, but still I will answer: yes, I am.

HULDAH. When?

ADELE. That cannot concern you.

HULDAH. But it does.

ADELE. Then I am afraid your curiosity will consume you; for you shall know no more from me.

HULDAH. Adele Ellesmere, I come from a family that never bore contradiction, slight or disappointment, and the instinct of the race is strong in me. When I have set my mind upon gaining an object, I will gain that object.

ADELE. If you wished to see me simply to eulogize your family, I must go (*rising*). I cannot understand why you cared to see me.

HULDAH. Stay! You cannot understand? I will tell you. I love Arthur Thornton!

ADELE. You, and you proclaim it to *me*. Shame on you, bold woman!

HULDAH. Shame on me! No. I glory in the confession. Yes, I love Arthur Thornton; not as you love him, but with a passion that burns, that devours me. I love him as the tigress loves her mate, wildly, madly, fiercely. And I described my disposition but now to warn you.

ADELE. To warn me? Of what—against what?

HULDAH. Against coming between my love and me.

ADELE. Bah, I do not fear you.

HULDAH. Ah, even now, when I tell you how I love your lover, you are not moved, you are not jealous.

ADELE. Jealous, ha, ha! Why should I be jealous?

HULDAH. Ah, you are cold, cold, cold! You do not know how to love. An iceberg! If you loved as I love, and another told you what I have, you would fly at her throat.

ADELE. But you forget, I do not love as the tigress does.

HULDAH. No, you do not. Therefore I will make you a proposition. Leave Arthur to me.

ADELE. Truly, you are the cool one now. You are the iceberg. Why should I leave Mr. Thornton to you, as you express it?

HULDAH. Because you do not love him, and I do. You are poor; you have been rich; you have felt the sharp bite of the wolf of poverty, and you have vowed never to suffer it again. Therefore you wed Arthur. But love him? Pah! you could not love any one or anything.

ADELE. I will not listen to these insults. I will go. (*Turns to go* C. HULDAH *runs to C. D., locks it, and takes key out.*)

HULDAH. You shall not go until you have heard my proposition. I was wrong to say you could not love anything. You can and do. You love money. Give up Arthur Thornton, and I will give you ten thousand dollars.

ADELE. Miss Delmarte, open the door. It is cowardly for one who boasts so of her noble blood thus to take advantage of her enemy.

HULDAH. I will double the sum I offered.

ADELE. I am powerless to leave you, and so must listen; but I have sufficient contempt to refuse to answer.

HULDAH. When I spoke of my indomitable will, you thought it bombast. You have felt my power once. On the evening we met in front of Mason & Co.'s, you smiled on Arthur, and he smiled on you. It maddened me. I went in the store; I complained of you; you were discharged.

ADELE. You ! Then to you I owe all my suffering !

HULDAH. Yes, to me. To me you owe the misery, too, of being left almost dying in the snow. I saw you begging. I recognized you ; but did I tell Arthur ? Oh, no ; not I. I laughed ; I was full of joy, because you were my rival.

ADELE. I did not believe so heartless a woman lived.

HULDAH. Ah ! you begin to understand me now, do you ? Now, I will tell you one fact more—Arthur loves me ; he has told me of his love.

ADELE. That is false.

HULDAH. It is true ; and to his face in your presence I will repeat it.

ADELE. Open that door !

HULDAH. You refuse my offer ?

ADELE. Open the door !

HULDAH (*unlocking door*). It is war between us, then, is it ?

ADELE. As you please.

HULDAH. Then it will be—war to the knife (*opening door*). Now go, and live in dread of your dearest enemy, Huldah Delmarte, the tigress !

ADELE (*at C. E.*). One word. You have seen foot-rugs of tiger-skins ? They were worn by ferocious beasts once, but they have been made useful. You call yourself the tigress ? Good ! When I am Arthur Thornton's wife, you will take your place—there ! beneath my feet !

(*Exit C. D. to L., followed by HULDAH. HULDAH re-enters.*)

HULDAH (*C.*). She is cleverer than I thought. So much the better. Will she bring Arthur here, I wonder ? Will he come ? Will he ? Of course he will. A man can be led anywhere by a woman—if the woman has brains—and this saleswoman has. Let me think : how shall I accomplish my purpose ? I'll poison the Judge's mind. Oh ! such sweet poison as I shall set before him ! (*Gong sounds outside.*) He will never suspect.

(*JAMES appears at C. D. and announces.*)

JAMES. Judge Thornton.

HULDAH. As if my good genius anticipated my wish. (*To JAMES.*) At home. (*JAMES bows, and exit to L.*) Now, to begin. (*Sits R.; appears as if in deep thought.*)

(*Enter C. D. from L., JUDGE T. Stands C. D.*)

JUDGE T. Ah ! dreaming, Miss Delmarte ?

HULDAH (*as though roused from reverie*). Oh ! (*Rising and running to JUDGE T.*) My dear Judge, I am overjoyed ! You are my preserver. I was dying with a green and yellow melancholy until you came to the rescue !

JUDGE T. What a pity I am not a younger man, and I might claim to be the prince who rescued the princess from a terrible monster. Now, if I had been Arthur, we could have manufactured a genuine fairy tale from this incident.

(Sits L., HULDAH beside him.)

HULDAH. You forget, Judge, that your son has rescued his princess, and that all other princesses are nothing to him.

JUDGE T. I do not understand you.

HULDAH. Ah, Judge! young ladies with melancholy eyes and said faces, cannot be interesting invalids at one's house, and be in company with a susceptible young man without a tender feeling being evolved.

JUDGE T. Do you refer to Miss Ellesmere and my son?

HULDAH. Why, yes. The common report is that they are soon to be married.

JUDGE T. I trust common report is wrong.

HULDAH. What, do you not like the shop-girl?

JUDGE T. At one time I admired Miss Ellesmere, but that has happened which has changed my regard for her. I am sorry to hear this news.

HULDAH. And so am I.

JUDGE T. You?—And why?

HULDAH. I have read Miss Ellesmere.

JUDGE T. And what have you discovered?

HULDAH. This: Adele Ellesmere *has* been true and noble, but is no longer—her nature has been warped.

JUDGE T. By suffering? Eh?

HULDAH. Yes. She has felt the sting of poverty once, and she is determined she never will again. She is transformed into a common fortune hunter.

JUDGE T. But my son has no money? (Bell outside.)

HULDAH. Ah, but you have; and she knows you would provide for both.

JUDGE T. (Rising angrily.) If I would, may I be hanged!

JAMES. (Appearing at C. D. from L.) Mr. Arthur Thornton and Miss Ellesmere.

HULDAH. (Rising. To JUDGE T.) Would you object?

JUDGE T. No. Why should I?

HULDAH. (To JAMES.) I am at home. (Exit JAMES to L.) (Aside.) Aha! she is brave, but so am I!

(Enter C. D. from L. ARTHUR and ADELE arm in arm. ARTHUR leads ADELE to seat R.)

ARTHUR. (Standing beside ADELE.) I am glad you are here, father. I intended to tell you to-night that which my visit forces me to speak of now. Adele has promised to be my wife.

HULDAH. I congratulate you. I suspected the fact.

ARTHUR. I am glad you admit that much, for I have come to

speak to you on a subject connected with my engagement, which is a painful one.

HULDAH. I cannot imagine how any subject connected with your engagement can be painful to me.

ARTHUR. This evening you sent a man to meet Miss Ellesmere.

HULDAH. I do not understand you.

ARTHUR. I said you sent a messenger to meet Miss Ellesmere.

HULDAH. I? I did not send for Miss Ellesmere.

ARTHUR. You will not say that Miss Ellesmere was not here this evening.

HULDAH. Here? Why Miss Ellesmere has never been in this house until the present time. (*To ADELE.*) You have never been here before, have you Miss Ellesmere?

ARTHUR. Do not answer, Adele. You have told me you had been here, and a thousand denials from her could not make me doubt you.

HULDAH. (*Pleasantly.*) Mr. Thornton you are complimentary. I repeat Miss Ellesmere was never here until the present time.

ADELE. And I say that every word that woman has said is false—false as her heart.

(*HULDAH crosses L., pulls rope and returns. JAMES enters c. d. and stands at upper c.*)

HULDAH. James, did you admit this lady before do-day?

JAMES. No, Miss.

HULDAH. Does any one but you answer the bell?

JAMES. No, Miss.

HULDAH. Could any one have been admitted without you knowing it?

JAMES. I should say not, Miss.

HULDAH. You may go. (*JAMES bows and exit c. d. to L.*) Now I have produced a witness, but only to vindicate myself to my old friend Judge Thornton. (*Sits.*)

JUDGE T. The witness was not needed. (*Aside.*) Who would have thought Adele to be such a trickster!

ADELE. You let me in and out yourself.

HULDAH. Absurd. I am not a servant.

ARTHUR (*c.*) Father—through pity for Miss Delmarte and through very shame—manly shame—I have avoided saying that which I now must. Miss Delmarte vowed to Adele that I loved her; that she was jealous of Adele, and that she would endeavor to prevent our marriage. These denials are parts of her plan.

HULDAH. You are trespassing too far on my good nature, Mr. Thornton.

JUDGE T. You are hasty, Arthur. I believe in Miss Delmarte.

HULDAH. (*To JUDGE T.*) I thank you.

ARTHUR. But father, Miss Delmarte even denies that Adele was here.

HULDAH. (*Rising. To ARTHUR.*) Fool! Has your infatuation for that wily woman made you more than gullible? If I loved you would I be likely to tell it to a shop-girl? Why, no boy just let loose from school could be more easily tricked. Tricked by a woman who would marry for money.

ADELE. All false—all false.

JUDGE T. (*To ADELE.*) Girl, it is all true.

ARTHUR. Father, father, be careful—heed what you may say—for you I must—I will believe.

JUDGE T. My son, I distinctly heard that girl assert, and solemnly, that she would marry for money.

ARTHUR. Adele, Adele, oh, deny this.

JUDGE T. She cannot.

ARTHUR. Will you not speak—cannot you speak Adele.

ADELE. (*Rising and crossing to c.*) Yes, I can speak and I will. Your father is terribly, wofully mistaken. But I have done with explanations. To that serpent (*pointing to HULDAH*), I have but one word for what she has said—not an elegant one, but one I am compelled to use! Her utterances are all, all lies! (*To ARTHUR.*) For ourselves: the man who weds me weds me because *he* loves me. Had all the world risen up against you, Arthur, I should still have trusted you, believed in you and loved you, and such must be the trust, the belief, the love of the man who calls me wife.

ARTHUR. And such is mine, Adele—you will be my wife.

JUDGE T. Arthur, Arthur, cling to that woman and you sever the tie that binds us together. Marry her, and you can never call me father again! (*To ADELE.*) Do you think you could be happy with a man whom you had made an enemy to his father?

ARTHUR. Father, my first duty is to her.

JUDGE T. One moment, my boy, the lady has not answered yet. (*To ADELE.*) Will you make my son my enemy—will you reduce him to poverty. In plain words, will you marry him?

ARTHUR. Good. I do not fear the answer.

JUDGE T. (*To ADELE.*) Your answer.

ADELE. I would marry him if he were poor as a beggar and came to me in tatters!

ARTHUR. I knew it. (*Starts to go to ADELE—she prevents him.*)

JUDGE T. Do not hope I will relent.

ADELE. I have not ended. I have said I would take Arthur if he were in rags. (*To JUDGE T.*) But you have asked if I will make you his enemy and impoverish him, and since it rests with me I answer simply, plainly, firmly, No, I will not.

ARTHUR. Adele!

(*Music.*)

ADELE. Arthur, you would never be happy under a father's anger—and, sir (*To JUDGE T.*) our lives are so uncertain you might die—go to your grave believing me a dishonorable fortune-hunter and not forgiving your son. Would not all happiness then

abandon his life? Reverse the picture. Were I to die, I should leave a memory with you which through your endeavors might blacken the sweet remembrance in which Arthur held me, and that—that, I think, could draw me back to earth from heaven. (*Bursts into passionate weeping.*) Pardon me, sir, you know I have been very ill—I am not yet strong—and so, sir, though it almost break my heart to utter it, I say, No, I will not marry Arthur. (HULDAH rubs her hands triumphantly.)

ARTHUR. Father, you hear; you have separated two whom heaven deems man and wife. (*Throws himself into chair R.*)

HULDAH. Man and wife! Dupe and schemer!

ADELE. I must go now (*to JUDGE T.*). You have wronged me, sir, but I shall remember your past kindness only. (JUDGE T. starts as if to go to ADELE. HULDAH prevents him. ADELE crosses to ARTHUR.) Arthur, we must part; it is sad that our lives should be thus embittered, but it must be. I shall never cease to love you, Arthur.

ARTHUR (*rising*). And do you think I will permit you to leave me thus, Adele?

Quartet of SALESLADIES heard off L., with soft jingle of sleigh bells and continues till curtain.

ADELE. No, no, no, Arthur; it cannot be; I cannot blast your life; we must part and trust to heaven for our future. God—God bless you, Arthur! Do not cease to love me, darling. I—I could not bear that. Oh, my Arthur, it is so hard to leave you. (*Backing toward C. D.*) Good-bye, good-bye, my Arthur; good-bye!

(*She falls C., JUDGE T. and HULDAH start as if to assist her; ARTHUR rushes up behind ADELE.*)

ARTHUR. Stand back! This is my charge. Though all the world should cast me off I'd cling to her forever!

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST—INTERIOR OF PLEASTON & Co.'s DRY GOODS STORE.

Counters running up and down R. & L. Large C. D. in flat. Flat represents interior of the street windows full of goods. At lower C. a semi-circular counter on which are boxes of ribbons. The entire top of C. counter must be covered with open boxes full of ribbons. On the counters on R. & L. are large rolls of various kinds of goods on bolts. Scene is boxed in, and the lower parts of sides represent shelves, on which are boxes and rolls of goods.

The upper parts represent hanging goods, as carpets, curtains, etc. Stools in front of counters. Large chandelier c. to be lit during action of scene. Bundles of different sizes ready for cash girls in 1 E. R. Baskets for cash girls. A yard of red ribbon on c. counter and a yard of same color ribbon wrapped up ready in 1 E. R. for cash girl. At rise of curtain, discovered: JULIA CORSON behind counter R. S., SARAH MADDERN behind counter L. S., MARY TRUSLOW behind c. counter. MAPLETON walking up and down c. Mrs. GOLDEN at counter L. S., examining goods. ASA LIFTER and TILLY TAKER at counter R. S. VARRY CLEVER at C. D. Ladies at various counters and walking about. Noise of tearing goods, rapping on counters, etc. Lead pencils and cash books for salesladies.

JULIA (*rapping on counter*). Ca-ash (*drawling*).

(2D CASH GIRL *runs to JULIA. JULIA gives her roll of goods. Exit 2D CASH GIRL 1 E. R.*)

Mrs. GOLDEN (*to SARAH*). Let me see your finest quality.

SARAH. Now, this, madame, is very elegant. (*Shows goods. Business continued through scene.*)

(2D CASH GIRL *re-enters with paper package, goes to counter R. S., gives package to JULIA, then goes up toward L. JULIA hands package to customer, who rises and goes up c. MAPLETON comes down in front of c. counter.*)

MAPLETON. Where's—a—Miss a—a—Ellesmere?

MARY. She went with a customer to the fan counter.

MAPLETON. Oh, did she. It seems to me that you two are more attentive to other counters than to your own.

MARY. But, Mr. Mapleton—

MAPLETON. Don't answer me back. I'm not to be—a—a—be answered. Really these—a—insolent shop girls are very trying to a refined man (*crosses to counter L. S.*).

(*Enter Mrs. SILLUCK, C. D., looks around and goes to c. counter.*)

MARY. (*Aside.*) Man. Hound.

JULIA (*rapping on counter, as before*) Ca-ash?

(1ST CASH GIRL *Business as before. Exit R. 1 E.*)

MAPLETON. (*To Mrs. GOLDEN*) Anything I can do for you?

Mrs. GOLDEN. Thanks, no. (*Sarah continues to show goods to Mrs. GOLDEN. MAPLETON goes up in front of counter, L. S., bowing to customers, motioning to salesladies, &c. Re-enter 1ST CASH GIRL with bundle; gives it to JULIA. JULIA gives bundle to customer. Customer rises, goes up c. and exit C. D.*)

Mrs. GOLDEN. I'll look at that stuff again please. (*To Sarah*) (*Sarah continues business.*)

(*Enter C. D. PEDDIGRIN crosses to MAPLETON, and comes down with him talking in dumb show.*)

Mrs. SILLUCK. (*To Mary*) I wish some red ribbon.

MARY. (*showing ribbon*). This shade? This is a remnant—you may have it for ten cents.

Mrs. SILLUCK. I'll take it. (*Hands money to MARY. MARY writes check, taps on counter. 2D CASH GIRL comes down to c. counter. MARY hands her check and ribbon.*) (*Exit R. 1 E.*)

PEDDI. (*at L. of c. counter*). No, no, it won't do—it won't do.

MAPLETON. Well—a—will you not—a—a—admit what you—

PEDDI. I never admit anything—But I will state that I believe a client of mine takes a strong interest in a young lady employed here—

MAPLETON. Miss Ellesmere you mean—I know nothing of the habits of the lady.

PEDDI. You ought to, Jim Flobby.

MAPLETON. Sh! a—a—don't—don't mention that name here.

PEDDI. Ah, it has a sort of General Sessions sound that is unpleasant in these precincts of fashion, eh, Jim?

MAPLETON. Oh, dear, oh, dear! You want to see me, you say, after business hours!

PEDDI. I? Why should I wish to see you, Jim?

MAPLETON. Sh! my name is Augustus Mapleton—well I should like to see *you* then.

PEDDI. Oh, you may see me, but why?

MAPLETON. (*Aside.*) Oh, the old torturer! (*Aloud.*) Why to gossip about Miss Ellesmere.

PEDDI. Oh, to gossip, eh, Jim? I mean Gussy—pretty name, Gussy. well, well, I'll wait for you Gussy, and I'll let you gossip about the young ladies, eh? And about satins and laces—honiton and chantilly and guipure, eh? (*Going up c. with MAPLETON.*) Oh, I'm, so interested in laces. (*Exit C. D. to R.*)

(*Re-enter 2D CASH-GIRL with ribbon wrapped up.*)

Hands package to MARY. MARY gives it to Mrs. SILLUCK, who rises and examines goods on c. counter. VARRY CLEVER saunters down c. L. and watches Mrs. SILLUCK.)

MARY. Anything else?

Mrs. SILLUCK. No; I think not. Let me see.

SARAH (*Looking over top of goods which she has heaped on counter*). I have shown you forty-three varieties; we have no more. Do you wish to buy any of them?

Mrs. GOLDEN (*Indicating*). This is a dollar and a half a yard.

SARAH. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. GOLDEN (*Pointing*). And this?

SARAH. One dollar. (*Aside.*) Oh, I am so tired—if I could but rest a moment!

Mrs. GOLDEN (*Pointing*). And this?

SARAH. One dollar ninety-nine. (*Aside.*) Oh, I hope she will buy something.

MRS. GOLDEN (*Rising*). I'll take—

SARAH. Yes, Madam.

MRS. GOLDEN. I'll take a yard of white tape (*crossing R.*) and send it home.

SARAH. At the opposite counter, madame. (*Aside.*) Oh, dear, these women, these women!

(*MRS. GOLDEN stops at counter R., speaks in dumb show to saleslady, and exit C. D.*)

MRS. SILLUCK (*to MARY*). No; I don't care for anything more to-day. (*Crosses L.*) Let me look at my ribbon. (*Opens package; throws the wrapper down.*) Yes, yes; right—that's cheap for— (*Puts ribbon in her pocket.*)

JULIA (*rapping as before.*) Ca-ash! (*Bus. as before.* VARRY CLEVER seizes MRS. SILLUCK by the arm.)

VARRY. I want you.

MRS. SILLUCK. Oh! (*screaming*). What do you mean?

(*Everybody except the salesladies come down and range themselves on each side of C. counter. ASA LIFTER leaning on end of R. S. of C. counter; TILLY standing close beside him; MRS. SILLUCK C. in front of counter; VARRY L. C.; MAPLETON R. C.*)

MAPLETON. What's the matter?

VARRY. Tryin' to lift a ribbon. I saw her pocket it.

ALL. Oh, oh; a thief!

MRS. SILLUCK. This is an outrage.

LIFTER. Arrest her, arrest her; lock her up!

(*He takes roll of ribbon from counter and hands it to TILLY, who pockets it.*)

TILLY. Oh, the horrible thief!

VARRY. They can't fool me.

LIFTER. You're a shrewd officer, you are.

(*Takes another roll of ribbon; gives it to TILLY, who conceals it.*)

MAPLETON. (*To VARRY.*) Do you know her?

VARRY. Know her? Of course. I know 'em the minute I set eyes on 'em.

LIFTER. My! He knows 'em the minute he sets eyes on 'em. (*Takes ribbon. Bus. as before.*)

TILLY. Dear me, arn't these detectives wonderful men!

MRS. SILLUCK. (*Taking ribbon from her pocket.*) I bought this ribbon from that lady, (*indicating MARY*). Ask her if I did not?

MAPLETON. (*To MARY.*) Well, what do you say?

MARY. The lady bought that ribbon and paid for it.

ALL. Oh, oh, shame.

MAPLETON. (*To VARRY.*) There must be some mistake.

MRS. SILLUCK. Yes, and my husband will teach this firm what mistakes cost.

(LIFTER repeats business of stealing ad lib.)

MAPLETON. (To VARRY.) What ought to be done?

VARRY. She ought to be taken down stairs and searched.

MRS. SILLUCK. What! You don't dare.

ALL. No, no! (*Ladies saunter to counters.*)

VARRY. Well, we'll let you go this time, but look out next time. (*Goes up c. and exit c. d.*)

MRS. SILLUCK. (To MAPLETON.) Don't you intend to make any apology?

MAPLETON. My dear madam, in a large firm like this we think of nothing but—

JULIA (*as before*). Ca-ash! (*Bus. as before.*)

MRS. SILLUCK. You will hear from my husband. (*Exit c. d.*)

LIFTER. What! A respectable woman called a thief, and no apology made! Come along, Tilly; I will not permit you to patronise such a place. Come along.

TILLY. Why, it's outrageous! They'll call me a thief next.

MAPLETON (*bowing*). I'm very sorry, sir (*to LIFTER.*)

LIFTER AND TILLY (*together*). No, no, no. Don't talk to me.

(*TILLY takes LIFTER's arm, and they go up c., followed by MAPLETON.*)

MAPLETON. But if you will—a—a—remain—

LIFTER AND TILLY (*together*). No, no, no.

MAPLETON. Mistakes will occur.

LIFTER AND TILLY. No, no, no.

(*Exeunt LIFTER and TILLY c. d.*)

(*Enter R. 1 E. a porter, with torch. He lights chandelier, and exit c. d.*)

(*Enter L. 1 E. ADELE. Crosses to c. MAPLETON comes down c. as ADELE enters.*)

MAPLETON (*to ADELE*). Oh, you've thought to return to your work, have you?

ADELE. I have returned as soon as the customer on whom I have been waiting permitted me.

MAPLETON. Well, never mind; I won't be severe with you, Adele.

ADELE. You will please address me as Miss Ellesmere.

MAPLETON. That's what I like about you, you know; you're so proud and so handsome. Positively, it is the attraction of like for like, for I am proud, too, and—ahem! generally considered handsome. I believe I could love you, Adele. You know I told you this before.

ADELE. I know you are an impudent, ignorant, conceited coxcomb, and I will complain of your insults.

MAPLETON. Oh, no, you won't. Your position here depends on my a—a—a—good word.

ADELE. And your safety depends on mine, for I have but to speak the word, and there are those who would give you a thrashing severe enough for even a cur like you.

(*Enter C. D. BELLA comes slowly down c.*)

MAPLETON. Ahem! you better attend to your work.

(*Goes up c.*)

ADELE (*going behind c counter*). Oh, that one must endure these insults.

BELLA (*at c. counter*). For pity's sake, Adele Ellesmere, what is the matter with you? You look mad enough to bite a body's head off.

ADELE. I am worried, Bella; I am worried. Please buy something, and appear not to know me. The shop-walker is watching me.

BELLA. I hope you're not afraid of that little cockrobin.

ADELE. As you mean, no; as I know him, yes.

BELLA. Well, show me some ribbon, and I'll buy and talk at the same time. You're worried, eh? I hope that sweetheart of yours isn't proving fickle.

ADELE. Oh, Bella, I have no sweetheart; I had to refuse him; yes, had to, and he is unhappy, and so am I; and, oh, Bella, I am wretched?

BELLA. My lands! Tell me about it.

ADELE. Some other time, Bella.

BELLA. Yes, to-night, when you are at the party at our house.

ADELE. Oh.

ADELE. Now, Adele Ellesmere, for goodness gracious sakes, don't say "oh" in that refrigerator tone; or don't you dare to say you intend to disappoint me after leading me to suppose you would be there, and after I've had, oh, such a love of a dress made for you, so as to make Mrs. Golden, number two, mad.

ADELE. I am afraid, Bella.

BELLA. Now, I declare, Adele, if you don't come, I'll never speak to you again. I'll think that you blame me for the way that petrified hyena (I refer to Mrs. Golden, number two, my dear), treated you, and I'll be awful angry.

ADELE. You? You couldn't remain angry two minutes, you good-natured creature.

BELLA. Well, goodness knows, if I'm so good-natured, you might do me a favor and come to the party. Besides, you'll have a chance to revenge yourself on Mrs. G., number two. Now, say you'll go, will you? (*MAPLETON comes slowly down c.*)

ADELE. Well, yes.

BELLA. Good! (*Aside*) and I'll have that sweetheart of hers there, if Rufus has to carry him. (*Aloud.*) Now you wait here for me; don't go until I come back. Oh, here's that popinjay! (*Referring to MAPLETON.*)

MAPLETON. Is everything satisfactory, Miss? (*Bowing to BELLA.*)

BELLA (*roaring*). Hey?

MAPLETON (*starts back frightened*). Oh, dear! I asked if you had been attentively waited on.

BELLA. Yes, I have; and I suppose I hadn't, do you think I'd complain to you? ugh, you toad! (*Going up c. speaking to salesladies R. and L.*) I tell you, girls, you ought to have me here to manage that ugly bull-frog. I'd make him toe the mark, I tell you, I would. (*Exit c. D. while speaking.*)

(*During time after BELLA's entrance all customers have been slowly going off c. D. 1 to R. and L. After BELLA's exit only salesladies and MAPLETON are on the scene.*)

MARY (*crossing to SARAH*). Another day gone, thank fortune. Make haste, let us go home.

SARAH (*coming from behind counter*). I don't want that invitation twice (*to JULIA*) Julia. (*JULIA crosses L.*)

MARY. Oh, hurry up. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

SARAH. Mary is unusually brisk to-night.

JULIA. Don't you know why? Her beau calls to-night.

(*Exeunt JULIA and SARAH L. 1 E.*)

(*All salesladies exit R. 1 E. and L. 1 E. MAPLETON comes down c. ADELE comes from behind counter to c., is going L., but is stopped by MAPLETON crossing in front of her. Ladies and gentlemen seen walking on street through c. D. and windows.*)

MAPLETON. Which way do you go, Adele?

ADELE. I should go whichever way you did not, but to-night I do not go home alone.

MAPLETON. Ha, ha! I know. Of course not. I am going with you. I intend our walks home shall be very pleasant, my dear Adele.

ADELE. Miss Ellesmere is my name. Will you not permit me to go?

MAPLETON. Oh, bother! none of that proudish airs with me. Do you intend to treat me always with this affected *hauteur*?

ADELE. If you understand *hauteur* to be contempt—yes. Let me pass.

MAPLETON. One moment. I don't know why it is that you charm me, but so it is, and I have resolved to tame you.

ADELE. Pah! (*Moving to go L.*)

MAPLETON. But I will tame you by kindness—you will love me.

ADELE. Will you leave me, sir ; or permit me to leave ? Have you no manliness ?

MAPLETON. I will leave you on one condition, my love, and that is that you give me one sweet caress to console me until we meet again. No one is here—you can dispense with mock modesty.

ADELE. Sir !

MAPLETON. I am not to be put off with “sirs.” I will—

ADELE. Do not dare.

MAPLETON. There is nothing I would not dare.

(Seizes her. Short struggle to c. ADELE screams. Salesladies run on R. and L., in street costume. BRIGGABY followed by BELLA and ladies and gentlemen runs on C. D., down C. around R. S. of c. counter. BRIGGABY seizes MAPLETON, throws him over L. ADELE clings to BELLA, R. C. BRIGGABY C., MAPLETON L.)

BIGGABY. Re-inforcements as it were !

BELLA. My sakes alive, what is the matter ?

ADELE. That coward, that cur, insulted me, vilely insulted me.

BELLA. Rufus, I'm watching you.

BIGGABY. And you will see what you will see, so to speak. *(To MAPLETON.)* I dislike making a disturbance in a gentleman's place of business, but unless you apologize to this lady, I shall reduce you to a condition that will render you of interest to no one but an undertaker. No delay, now. Come, apologize.

MAPLETON. I did not—not insult—

ALL. Apologize !

BIGGABY. Now, now—no lies about it ; apologize, or—*(pugilistic demonstrations).*

MAPLETON. Wh—what are you going to do ?

BIGGABY. Pulverize you.

MAPLETON. Oh, don't, don't. I'll do anything. I apologize. I apologize.

BIGGABY. Beg pardon on your knees.

MAPLETON. Oh, I can't, no, no. Before all the young ladies—I can't do that. *(Crosses to c. BRIGGABY crosses L.)*

BIGGABY. I can't wait much longer.

MAPLETON. Oh, before them all !

ADELE. Yes, before them all. As an expiation for the insults you have inflicted on every one of them. Kneel before all, kneel !

ALL. Kneel ! kneel !

MAPLETON. No, no, no, I cannot.

ADELE. Kneel !

(BIGGABY *steps toward* MAPLETON. MAPLETON *crouches.*)

MAPLETON. Oh, don't, don't. Oh, oh ! (*He kneels sinking slowly, glancing over his shoulder at BIGABBY, who is turning up his cuffs. ADELE turns her back to him. All laugh loudly and point tantalizingly at him. He expresses anger.*)

SCENE SECOND :— APARTMENT IN HULDAH DELMARTE'S HOUSE.

(*Enter* JAMES, L. ; *remains standing at entrance until* PEDDIGRIN *enters* L.)

JAMES. Miss Delmarte said, Mr. Peddigrin, that she would see you in a moment.

PEDDI. Very well, James, we can wait—oh, yes, we can wait.
(JAMES *bows and exit* L.)

(*Enter* HULDAH, R.)

HULDAH. Well, Mr. Peddigrin, I am here.

PEDDI. (*Aside*) Oh, pretty Huldah ! pretty Huldah !

HULDAH. But I admonish you that you must be brief, as I very soon leave to keep a positive engagement.

PEDDI. I have ventured to bring a friend with me, Miss Delmarte—Mr. Augustus Clarence Mapleton.

(*Enter* MAPLETON, L. *Bows awkwardly.* HULDAH *bows coldly.*)

HULDAH. What can I do for you, Mr. Peddigrin ?

PEDDI. I met this gentleman—discovered he was just the man for your purpose. I explained that you, wealthy lady, felt great sympathy for working girls. This gentleman—shopwalker—knows Miss Adele Ellesmere. I told him I believed you wished to help Miss Adele. You, rich lady—she, poor girl. You would like to see her married to good man. He is the good man. He looks it, don't he ? Admits he loves Miss Ellesmere. Foolish to admit anything ; but he does. There he is. Talk to him.

HULDAH (*To* MAPLETON). I am not so adverse to admissions as Mr. Peddigrin, and I will admit I take a great interest in this Miss—Miss—Miss ?—

PEDDI. Ellesmere.

HULDAH. Yes—Ellesmere. (*To* MAPLETON.) And so you admit an attachment for the lady ?

MAPLETON. I must plead guilty to the a—a—tender accusation, confusing as such a—a—confession is in the presence of such a—a—wondrous beauty as I—I—in point of fact, see before me.

HULDAH. You will be good enough to reserve your compliments for your shop-girl love. Is she favorable to your suit ?

MAPLETON. A—a—that is to say—

PEDDI. Oh, yes, yes.

HULDAH. Then, in that case, I will tell my plan. I have tried it before, and have always been pleased with the resulting happiness. I believe these large dry-goods stores are killing the young women. Marry this Miss—Miss— Pshaw!—so forgetful of names, so many on my charity list.

PEDDI. Ellesmere. (*Aside.*) Oh, she is such an elegant cheat.

HULDAH. Yes, thanks—Miss Ellesmere. Marry her and I will present you with ten thousand dollars when you show me the marriage certificate and give me a promise to take the girl from those horrible counters.

MAPLETON. My dear madame—I—a—a—thank you, and so, I am sure, will the young lady.

HULDAH. One word with you, Mr. Peddigrin.

(PEDDINGRIN *motions* to MAPLETON. MAPLETON *exit* L.)

PEDDI. A thousand. You pay me for my time, I'm satisfied.

HULDAH. How will this work?

PEDDI. Favorably, I think. My plan is to steal her.

HULDAH. Will he join it?

PEDDI. He will join anything. I will want your cottage on Staten Island, and your yacht.

HULDAH. Everything is under your control; use what you please. You seem to enter into this kidnapping business with a great deal of pleasure.

PEDDI. I do; I do, Miss Huldah.

HULDAH. Why?

PEDDI. Ah! I never admit anything, even to you.

HULDAH. Nonsense! Tell me why.

PEDDI. Not now. Some day—some day.

HULDAH. By the way, I don't mean ten thousand for that idiot, you know.

PEDDI. I understand, I'll make him divide. I—in fact, we—will conspire against you. Oh, I had almost forgotten it. You have not deposited any money in Dunstan, Grant & Co.'s bank, have you?

HULDAH. No; why?

PEDDI. It's shaky. As old Thornton has an interest in it, I thought you might have deposited some to please him. I'm glad you have not. You were about to say?

HULDAH. This: Don't move in the kidnapping of Miss Adele until I give the order. I expect to meet Arthur to-night at Mrs. Golden's, and I will first try fascination. If I cannot fascinate—then I will—

PEDDI. What?

HULDAH. Fight—fight like the tigress! And now bye-bye, bye-bye, prince of foxes, bye-bye. (*Exit* R. 1 E.)

(*Re-enter MAPLETON.*)

PEDDI (*bows after HULDAH*). Gad, she so wicked—so damned wicked—I *have* to love her. I *have* to. But this isn't business. (*Turning suddenly to MAPLETON, sternly.*) You shall not do it. I say you shall not.

MAPLETON. Wh—what do you mean?

PEDDI. I know what you've been thinking about. You will hire some reckless woman to assume the name of Adele Ellesmere; marry her; bring the certificate here; get the money.

But as my volatile friend, Col. Barton, would say: "That won't wash."

MAPLETON. (*Aside.*) He's a devil. (*Aloud.*) How did you know?

PEDDI. Oh, you admit I am right. Injudicious for you—good for me. There is but one way you can get this money.

MAPLETON. How?

PEDDI. (*confidentially*). Join with me and share.

MAPLETON. But I—

PEDDI. Listen to me: when you were known by your correct name of Jim Flobby, you twice appropriated your employers' money. I saved you both times. Then there was no one like old Peddigrin, the lawyer. Now you have a chance to make a large amount of money—a chance I place in your way—and you don't care to know old Peddigrin, but you will have to—yes, have to. That pure, simple, charitable lady (*referring to HULDAH*) thinks you are a worthy man. One word from me to her and proof! away blow your chances. Now, will you share or not?

MAPLETON. I will do whatever you ask me to.

PEDDI. Ah, I fancied you would. Tell me: After her a—a—ahem, disagreement with you to-night and your—ahem, confusion, what becomes of Adele?

MAPLETON. She has already been discharged.

PEDDI. Ah, don't lose sight of her. You know where she lives. Watch her. Go, now; now go. (*Pushes him off L.*) I must get this Ellesmere girl out of the way for good. Yes, that *must* be done. None of us are safe till then. After then I'll dispose off young Arthur and take Huldah for myself. I must have Huldah—and the money—the money must be saved. But I'll have both, I'll have both. Oh, pretty Huldah! Pretty, pretty, pretty Huldah!

(*Exit L.*)

SCENE THIRD :—PARLORS IN MRS. GOLDEN'S HOUSE.

Handsomely furnished; carpet down; large C. D. over which are curtains so hung as to be quickly opened. Curtains are open when scene opens. Interior back. Music, quadrille. Ladies and gentlemen discovered dancing last figure of quadrille. Others promenading behind C. D. After quadrille, music,

march. All promenade and exeunt c. d. to R. and L. Enter c. d., BELLA in evening dress. Looks around mysteriously, beckons on ARTHUR and BIGGABY, c. d., both in evening dress.

BIGGABY. Here we are, Bella.

BELLA. Yes. (*To Arthur.*) You're a nice one !

ARTHUR. I ! Oh, thanks.

BIGGABY. Ahem ! Bella, I thought I was the nice one.

BELLA. Oh, go along ; you're another kind of a nice one.

ARTHUR. But, I can't comprehend you, Miss Golden.

BELLA. I mean you're a nice one to quarrel with Adele, the dearest girl.

ARTHUR. I have not quarreled with Miss Ellesmere ; you ought to know that I would not quarrel with her.

BELLA. Sure ?

ARTHUR (*laughing*). Sure. (*Crosses R. and sits.*)

BIGGABY. It looks, my dear, as though you were barking up the wrong tree.

BELLA (*to Arthur*). But something has gone wrong ; what is it ? Tell me.

ARTHUR. If you invited me here only to cross-examine me (*rising*) I will bid you good evening.

BELLA. My ! you needn't snap my nose off ; I meant for the best.

ARTHUR. I know you did. I am sorry I answered you so sharply ; but, the estrangement between Adele and myself were better not discussed.

BIGGABY. (*Aside.*) I don't appear to be of importance here—vital importance, so to speak. (*Aloud.*) I would suggest —

BELLA. Be quiet, Rufus.

BIGGABY. I am dumb ; if I may be allowed that paradoxical utterance.

BELLA (*to Arthur*). But would you not like to see Adele ?

ARTHUR. Ah, if I could see her.

BELLA. That's enough, Rufus.

BIGGABY. (*Aside.*) Ah, once more I loom into importance. As a messenger I'll wager. (*Aloud.*) Have at you, so to speak. (*Crosses to Bella.*)

BELLA. Go, find Adele.

BIGGABY. (*Aside.*) I knew it was a message. I'm a sort of a gigantic American District Telegraph boy.

BELLA. Pay attention. Find Adele, and tell her to come here at once. Say I want her, mind you. Hurry.

BIGGABY. All right, my love (*going to c. d.*) (*Aside.*) No, I am not a District Telegraph boy, for they are paid for running with messages. But I'll be revenged. The time will come—it will, it will—blissful anticipation, supper time ! (*Exit c. d. to L.*)

ARTHUR. Adele here? Oh, I am so grateful to you for bringing about this meeting. Tell me—did Adele expect to meet me here: is she well? is she?—

BELLA (*mimicking ARTHUR*). Hum! If you only want to cross-examine me, I will bid you good evening (*going up c.*). Oh, here she comes, expecting to see me, and off I go. Don't you think I'm real good, eh? Now, for goodness sake, make up and be happy. If you only want to cross-examine me— Oh, my! oh, my! good gracious me, how stupid men are! (*Exit c. d. to R.*)

ARTHUR. Now she thinks she's a very clever woman. Well, I don't know that she is not right. (*Crosses up to L.*)

(*Music. ADELE runs on c. d. from L. The curtains on c. d. fall. ADELE goes down to R. corner, turns—sees ARTHUR—starts.*)

ADELE. Arthur? (*They both cross and meet, c.*)

ARTHUR. You are not displeased to see me, Adele?

ADELE. Displeased? Oh, Arthur.

ARTHUR. And we are unchanged toward each other, are we not?

ADELE. Oh, Arthur, you know we are.

ARTHUR. Are you still determined to refuse me?

ADELE. I said, Arthur, that I would not marry you if by so doing I caused an enmity to arise and a separation to take place between your father and you. On that I am still determined.

ARTHUR. Have you not heard that father and I *have* separated?

ADELE. Oh, Arthur, I am so sorry.

ARTHUR. And why, my love? I am not. I had been too long a dependent. I am now earning my own bread—working hard for it as you for yours. There is no quarrel between father and me. I know I have done rightly. So you see, my dear, that you are powerless now, to make or prevent a separation. Cannot you guess why I have told you this?

ADELE. No—that is—I—

ARTHUR. Ah, you do guess. Adele, I am woefully poor, but I can earn enough to live, and I shall not retrograde. You are alone in the world. You have promised to love none but me. Give me the right to cherish, to protect, to care for you, to say: This is my wife.

ADELE. Arthur, I am yours. Heaven seems opened to me and I must enter. I come to you poor, Arthur, almost friendless, but prouder, for my own sake of that poverty since it has shown your great love, than if I brought you the dowry of a princess.

ARTHUR. Dearer to me than if you were a princess, Adele! (*Takes her hand, and places his arm around her waist. The curtains on c. d. are opened quickly, and HULDAH, Mrs. GOLDEN and guests are discovered—HULDAH pointing at ADELE.*)

HULDAH. There she stands ! The woman who was arrested as a woman of the streets ; dragged through the thoroughfares by an officer and cast into a cell, as fit companion for drunkards, thieves, and the lowest of her sex. (*Comes down R. ; ADELE and ARTHUR C. ; Mrs. GOLDEN L. ; GUESTS R. and L. of C. D.*) She dare not deny it.

ADELE. She dare deny it, and she does.

(*Enter BELLA L., followed by BIGGABY.*)

BELLA. And I deny it, too ; you black-haired snake.

HULDAH. Ladies and gentlemen, I call on you to assert your gentility, and force this woman from your midst. Mrs. Golden, unless this woman is ordered from this house, I, and all respectable people must leave.

Mrs. GOLDEN. She is my daughter's friend.

BELLA. Yes, she is ; and don't you dare say a word against her.

ARTHUR. This lady will soon be my wife, and that is sufficient to destroy the slanders of that false-tongued woman.

HULDAH. Be careful, Arthur Thornton. Is there no man here — no man who will escort me from the presence of this polluting woman and this blatant coward ?

(*Enter COL. BARTON C. D. from L. ; comes down to HULDAH, bows, offers his arm. HULDAH starts when she sees him.*)

COL. B. Ever ready—a thistle-down blown about by the breath of lovely woman.

HULDAH. Thanks ; let us go. (*They go up to C. D.*)

ADELE. Yes, and go alone, while I remain. Huldah Delmarte, you proclaimed war to the knife. The weapon you wielded has wounded only yourself !

ARTHUR. A dance ! a dance !

(*HULDAH and COL. BARTON exeunt C. D. followed by Mrs. GOLDEN. Music. Galop. All dance.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST—INTERIOR OF HULDAH DELMARTE'S COTTAGE ON STATEN ISLAND.

Prettily furnished, carpet down, table R., on which are pens, ink, paper and envelopes, and a large metal paper knife. A large window C. of flat, on which are curtains and inside blinds. The window is barricaded, and is so arranged that curtains, window frame, blinds can fall at cue, showing jagged edges.

Exterior back. Enter 1. 2 R. COL. BARTON, *forcing on* ADELE, followed by PEDDIGRIN and MAPLETON.

PEDDI. Aha ; safe at last.

ADELE. (C.) Well, gentlemen, you should be proud of your victory—the victory of three strong men over one weak girl.

COL. B. We are, my dear Miss Ellesmere, we are.

ADELE. I had supposed *you* to be a gentleman.

COL. B. I believe a majority of your lovely sex labors under the same hallucination. I am ruled by the majority, therefore I am a gentleman.

ADELE. 'Tis the act of a gentleman to abduct a lady.

COL. B. Circumstances over which one has no control—generally circumstances of impecuniosity, force one to do a great many very unpleasant things, *ma chere*.

ADELE (to PEDDIGRIN). What do you hope to gain by incarcerating me here, and how long am I to be a prisoner?

PEDDI. Aha, Miss ; you know my principles : no admissions, no confessions, no promises. I will see you alone, and talk with you.

MAPLETON. In the meantime I would a—a—suggest that the fair lady who a—a—honors us—

ADELE (to MAPLETON). You, sir, don't dare address me (MAPLETON retreats behind PEDDI.).

COL. B. (*Aside.*) Egad, that's the hero who expects to marry the little saleslady. (*Aloud.*) By the way, Miss Ellesmere, permit me to assist you (*crosses to her and takes her shawl*). I have grown gray in the service of the ladies, yet still "I am not so bald that you can see my brains," as Harry Longfellow, my dearest friend, remarks, and I hope I am still beau enough to be of service. Now, the hat (*takes it*). Ah, thanks (*places the clothes on sofa*).

MAPLETON (*bowing to ADELE*). I trust you like your a—a—quarters.

COL. B. Didn't you hear Miss Ellesmere order you to hold your tongue. (*To ADELE.*) Now, my dear young lady (*placing chair at table R., and taking ADELE's hand, and leading her to chair*), will you not be seated? (*ADELE sits.*) Ah, that looks more homelike and comfortable. If there is anything you desire, name it. In the adjoining apartment you will find *eau de Cologne*, aromatic vinegar and *sal volatile*, a package of caramels and a book of poems, a flagon of Maraschino and a paper of macaroons ; a cushion of pins, a box of powder, a puff, a thousand hair pins, and—and—and four looking glasses. Aha, I know how to receive a lady. Be jolly, be jolly, I entreat you. Smile as you were wont to smile, I beg. And inasmuch as there are the materials for a bowl of punch below, methinks I'll go smile as I always smile (*going R.*). Oh, by the way, Counselor, Miss Ellesmere may write, I think.

PEDDI. Oh, yes, certainly.

ADELE. What do you mean?

PEDDI. That you may write to your friends, and Col. Barton will see that the letter is attended to.

COL. B. (*going to table and arranging stationery*). Everything is here, Miss Ellesmere: sealing-wax, taper, paper-knife that may help to cut short the letter, pens, ink, paper. Ink violet, paper perfumed, pen gold. Trust me, I know what is the due of the fair sex. (*ADELE writes.*)

ADELE (*while writing*). What assurance have I that this letter will be sent?

PEDDI. My word—doubtful assurance, perhaps; but why should we offer to deliver the letter if we did not intend to do so? You did not ask us.

ADELE. That is true. But I cannot understand why you should offer. However here is the letter (*gives it to PEDDIGRIN*). No harm can come from giving it to you.

PEDDI. (*handing letter*). Colonel, will you attend to this?

COL. B. With pleasure (*takes letter*). Ah, a very pretty hand; that's good. Now, I'm off. (*To MAPLETON.*) Come, Maplesugar (*going R.*). (*MAPLETON follows.*) (*To ADELE.*) As we say in Spain, "Lady, I kiss your hand." (*To PEDDI.*) Blackstone, ta-ta. "If you want me, sound upon the bugle horn," as my bosom friend Al. Tennyson puts it, or as I put it: Tintinnabulate the tintinnabulator.

MAPLETON (*to COL. B.*). I am not treated a—a—correctly. And I swear.

COL. B. Don't, don't.

MAPLETON. I will leave it to you.

COL. B. Leave it to me, and, whatever it may be, I'll drown it in a punch bowl.

MAPLETON. But, listen to me.

COL. B. I will not. The truth is, Maplesugar, you have seen no world but the shop, and you measure men with a yard-stick or a tape; you're not a congenial spirit. Come, I'll teach you to be a congenial spirit. What, ho! wine there, or punch!

And let the canakin clink, clink,

And let the canakin clink:

A shop-walker's a man,

A life's but a span,

Why, then, let a shop-walker drink.

Away, away.

(*Pushes MAPLETON off R. and exit.*)

PEDDI (*sitting*). Now we are alone. I have a communication to make.

ADELE. No need of a preface. I am your prisoner. I must listen. Do not think though that because I am calm, I do not feel a proper indignation. I do; and you, before long, will be made feel the indignation of my friends.

PEDDI. We will not talk of that now. Will you answer a question?

ADELE. I may.

PEDDI. What was your mother's maiden name?

ADELE. Why do you ask?

PEDDI. Merely to satisfy a harmless curiosity.

ADELE. I do not know whether I ought to tell you. You are too treacherous. I might injure myself.

PEDDI. Since you will not tell me, suppose I tell you. It was Elvira Laforge, was it not?

ADELE (*surprised*). Yes.

PEDDI. And her mother's name was also Elvira—maiden name Elvira Courtelle; and after your mother's marriage—runaway marriage—she was not recognized by her family. Am I right?

ADELE. Yes; why do you ask this?

PEDDI (*Aside*). I knew I was right. Aha! Huldah, I am sure to win. (*Aloud*). I have no reason. I once acted for your grandfather, and I simply wished to satisfy myself you were the lady I thought you. That's all, my dear, that's all. Now, as to your abduction. You were brought here by direction of Miss Huldah Delmarte, to prevent your marriage.

ADELE. And does she think she can prevent my marriage? Mr. Thornton will never rest until he has found me and punished you. You know that.

PEDDI. No, I do not, nor do I think it. I will tell you why (*calling COLONEL*).

(*Enter COL. B., R., with two open letters.*)

COL. B. Here I am. On hand, like a glove or a wedding ring.

PEDDI. Have you the letter?

COL. B. I have letters enough to be a second Junius.

PEDDI. Read it.

COL. B. (*c. reading*). My dear Arthur. Forgive me. I have wronged you, but hard necessity has changed me. I did love you—do love you, but oh, Arthur, poverty is a canker worm that eats the heart of love. I have been poor, and have resolved never to be so again. Our marriage, now that you are poor, would be folly. I have had an offer from a wealthy man. When you receive this, I shall be his wife. Yours, kindly, Adele Ellesmere. Ends a little abruptly, but still it's rather pretty, eh? don't you think so? That about the canker worm, for instance.

ADELE. Do you purpose sending that to Mr. Thornton?

PEDDI. Ahem, I think he will receive it.

COL. B. The United States mail being made *particeps criminis* in the conspiracy.

ADELE. And do you think you can impose that writing on Mr. Thornton, as mine? pshaw!

PEDDI. (*to COL. B.*). Have the kindness to show the letter.

COL. B. With pleasure (*crosses to ADELE, hands letters*). Here

is the one you wrote, which served as a copy. Here is the one I wrote, which will be sent.

ADELE (*examining letter*). My hand exactly. You are demons, not men! But do you think I will permit you to use these letters? No (*tearing them in small pieces*), never!

COL. B. Upon my honor, Miss Ellesmere, I was never so complimented, never. I have imitated a number of handwritings, some of the imitations attended with danger, but I was never so complimented. I have a much neater copy of the letter you destroyed, which I shall dispatch at once.

ADELE. Oh, Arthur, Arthur! Will he believe it?

COL. B. But really, I must again make my acknowledgments for the compliment your anger paid my skill. It was neat praise. Such little courtesies are what prove true gentility.

PEDDI. (*to ADELE*). So you see there is little chance that Mr. Arthur will search for you. He will be so grieved at your deceptive and mercenary heart. But he will have some one to comfort him; yes. Who? Why, Huldah Delmarte.

ADELE. No, no, not her. Not Huldah Delmarte. Oh, are you men? How can you thus torture one who never wronged you? Oh, will no one help me? (*Runs to window.*) Help! help! help!

PEDDI. You are at liberty to scream as loudly as you please. No one outside can hear you.

COL. B. I suggest, as a substitute for the screaming, a song. "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye," for example.

(ADELE goes up to chair, sinks in it.)

PEDDI. You need not stop here one hour. On one condition you can leave.

ADELE. What is it?

PEDDI. Marry Mr. Mapleton.

ADELE. What!

COL. B. Egad, if the "congenial spirit" is to be fettered to a petticoat, I must go take him from the punch bowl.

PEDDI. Yes, marry Mr. Mapleton. Miss Delmarte has vowed that even if she do not win young Thornton, you shall not. If you marry Mapleton, her vow is kept, and she renders you powerless as a rival. Then she may marry Thornton.

COL. B. (*reprovingly*). Now, Blackstone, Blackstone.

PEDDI. Be quiet.

COL. B. "The rest is silence," as the Dane says.

PEDDI. But if you were away from here, you could see Arthur, explain, and defeat Huldah, even if you were defeated.

ADELE. I am free the moment I marry this cur, Mapleton?

PEDDI. Yes.

ADELE. Then send for the clergyman—send at once.

PEDDI. First swear that you will not appeal to the minister.

ADELE. No, I cannot. (*Sinks in chair.*)

PEDDI. Ha, ha !. You thought I did not see through your little game. Well, you know now what you can do. Consent to be Mrs. Mapleton, or you remain here until Huldah orders your release.

COL. B. And as the lady appears to desire time to decide (*going R.*), I'll withdraw, and again attack the punch.

(MAPLETON staggers on drunk from R., and falls into COL. B.'s arms.)

MAPLETON. It's all gone—(hic)—punch is all gone.

COL. B. No, you have brought most of it with you.

MAPLETON. But, I say, Colonel, you a—a put too much sugar in it, and the sugar's af—(hic)—fected me.

COL. B. Yes, you look sweet.

MAPLETON. Hello! there's my Deely, Deely—(hic)—Dell. Come to my arms, Deely, Deely—(hic)—Dell. No? Then, I'll go to your arm, Deely, Deely, Dell. (*Goes up to ADELE.*) One kiss, one kiss !

ADELE (*rising*). Don't dare approach me.

MAPLETON. Oh, bother ! There's no big fellow to (hic) fight for you now, and I'll have my revenge.

ADELE (*to PEDDIGRIN*). Hear me, you fiend. You asked me to swear. I refused. But now I will swear. Permit that wretch to come near me—to profane my ears with his protestations of love and I swear I will kill him as relentlessly as I would crush a spider. (*Raises paper knife.*)

(COL. B. creeps up behind her.)

MAPLETON. Oh, lo^r ! Peddigrin, she's a—a—a living fury. (COL. B. grasps ADELE's wrist. The knife falls. He kicks it away.)

COL. B. (*Sternly, holding ADELE's hand.*) Now listen to me, my little amazon. I am as heartless as a jelly fish. Tears will not move me, nor anger either. I expect to be paid for to-night's work, and I will not risk my share. I want you to treat that man well. Do you hear me? (*Shaking her.*)

ADELE. You forget yourself.

COL. B. I may, but I remember my money. Take his hand. Come. (*Dragging her.*)

ADELE. Let me free, you coward—let me free. (*They struggle.*)

COL. B. I'll break you, my filly, or I'll kill you.

ADELE. Help, oh help, help ! Is there no one to help me? (*Battering of an ax.*) (*Crash.*) The window, the casement and the curtain falls. ARTHUR jumps through, pistol in his hand. All start at crash. COL. B. drops ADELE's hands. ARTHUR rushes to her.)

ARTHUR. Yes, I am here, Adele. (*Presents pistol at COL. B., who crouches. PEDDIGRIN runs off L. MAPLETON runs to the window. BIGGABY jumps through, carrying ax.*)

BIGGABY. Re-enforcements again, as it were ! (*Raises axe. MAPLETON falls on knees.*)

SCENE SECOND.

Apartment in HULDAH DELMARTE'S house. Enter HULDAH L., followed by PEDDIGRIN. HULDAH in evening dress.

HULDAH. (c.) Well, what have to tell me to night ? You choose the most unseemly hours to beg for interviews. You know that I give an entertainment to-night and that shortly my guests will commence to arrive.

PEDDI. In bad humor, eh ? (*Aside.*) Unfortunate for my hopes, but it puts me on my guard. She must not know that Adele has been rescued.

HULDAH. Well, do you intend to answer ? What have you to tell ?

PEDDI. Nothing but what is pleasant. All is well.

HULDAH. How does the girl act ?

PEDDI. Pluckily.

HULDAH. Will she accept that noodle—that Mapleton ?

PEDDI. No, I think she will not.

HULDAH. She is right.

PEDDI. What, do you take her part ?

HULDAH. As a woman of sense, yes. But as her enemy I am relentless. You are sure she is safe ?

PEDDI. Oh, yes, yes. (*Aside.*) Damme, she's altogether too safe. (*Aloud.*) Do you know Judge Thornton was ruined by the failure yesterday ?

HULDAH. I know he is ruined, but I do not comprehend why.

PEDDI. The bank suspended because some of the officers had been speculating with bank's funds. Thornton is one of the directors. He has turned over all his property ; made himself poor to save the depositors. New York is ringing with what they call his noble conduct—what I call his folly.

HULDAH. It is noble. And he can leave Arthur nothing at his death.

PEDDI. Nothing, for he will save nothing from his salary as he lives.

HULDAH. Good. That gives me a chance to make my revenge complete.

PEDDI. What ! Your rival a prisoner, Arthur a poor law clerk, his father ruined, and your revenge not complete ?

HULDAH. It will be complete when I have married Arthur.

PEDDI. I thought you hated him ; wished to punish him.

HULDAH. So I do, therefore I will marry him ; will not that be punishment enough ? Jestings aside, I must keep him from that girl.

PEDDI. (*Aside.*) Can she know my secret? If she do she'll accept me. (*Aloud.*) Ah, you punish him severely by giving him wealth and position.

HULDAH. Ah, but you make me confess it. I—I like him a little yet.

PEDDI. No, no, no, you must not, you must not.

HULDAH. Why, what do you mean?

PEDDI. I mean that you must not marry him. In the first place you are not—

HULDAH. Silence.

PEDDI. Ah, silence. All depends on silence—my silence—for you know money can buy the other, and I can be trusted. Oh, Huldah, Huldah! have you been blind all your life?

HULDAH. Blind to what?

PEDDI. Who has been your faithful slave, who has worked for you, schemed for you and helped you for years. Have not I?

HULDAH. You have, my good Peddigrin, and you have been—

PEDDI. Paid, yes, say it, paid. I—I have been paid.

HULDAH. Yes, you have been paid.

PEDDI. It is false. I have not. No money could have paid for devotion like mine. I did not scheme and work and wear out my life for money alone. Oh, Huldah, Huldah, you *have* been blind! You could not see it was for love, for love of you, yes, of you, Huldah. I worship you—you must be mine. Let us convert everything to money and fly. You must.

HULDAH. You are mad.

PEDDI. No, I am not. I am asserting my rights.

HULDAH. Now you are impertinent.

PEDDI. Oh, Huldah, Huldah! remember my years of devotion.

HULDAH. I do remember, and it is that remembrance only that makes me receive this insult so gently, and prevents me from having you thrown from the house by my servants.

PEDDI. Insult! Thrown from the house!

HULDAH. Yes, insult.

PEDDI. You insult *me*. Your memory of my actions is so vivid, I ask you to recall the first case you retained me in. Remember the decision in that case, and marry Arthur Thornton if you dare.

HULDAH. I dare do anything, and I dare spurn you and your threats. Away from me. I loath you, though I have used you. To-morrow send me your accounts and your bill, and then go starve, for what I care.

PEDDI. Now comes my turn, Huldah! (*Takes her hands.*) I have another card to play. Do you know what it is? Look me in the eyes. Do you know my best card?

HULDAH. Let go my hands.

PEDDI. Aha! I begin to suspect you do, and if you do, you know my power. Now I cease to beg. I command. I say you

must accept me—me or ruin! ruin! I will give you until nine o'clock to decide. If I do not hear from you by nine, you will hear from me at eleven. Aha! you, who were the ruler of us all, have now found your ruler. Remember, I do not beg, I dictate.
(Releases her.)

HULDAH. I do not understand what you hint at so mysteriously.

PEDDI. I think you do.

HULDAH. At least you might admit what—

PEDDI. (resuming his old tune). I never admit anything; against my principles. Permit me to lead you to the door.
(Leads her to R.) Go to your boudoir, my dear Miss Huldah, and think. Think that if I do not hear from you by nine, you will hear from me at eleven. Go, my dear Miss Huldah, don't care for ceremony; don't mind me. I'm nobody. Only old Peddigrin. Old Peddigrin, the lawyer!

HULDAH. Oh, you—you fiend!

(Exit R.)

PEDDI. (bowing low). Good evening! Good evening, until eleven o'clock. From nine till eleven are two hours. Two hours for work, if she prove stubborn. A great deal can be done in two hours. But I've won her. I've won her. Ho, ho, ho! Old Peddigrin, the lawyer! Old Peddigrin, the beau, the heart-breaker! Old Peddigrin, the lady's man! Ho, ho, ho! He's won the tigress. (Going L.) Oh, pretty Huldah! pretty, pretty, pretty Huldah! What did she call me? A fiend! Ho, ho, ho! A fiend. I'm a devil, I'm a devil!

(Exit L.)

SCENE THIRD.

HULDAH DELMARTE'S parlors, elegantly furnished; carpet down, conservatory at back. An archway or large C. D. in flat, over which are curtains as in Act III., Scene III. Guests promenading as scene opens. *Exeunt at end of music.* Enter HULDAH C. D.

HULDAH. It is after ten o'clock, will the Judge come to-night? Is he begrieving over his loss of fortune, he is not the man to let the world see it, and he will be here.

(Enter C. D., JUDGE THORNTON. Evening dresses.)

JUDGE T. What, alone? How is the bankrupt to be received?

HULDAH (L. C.) With all the honors due a hero.

JUDGE T. (R. C.) A hero? If I have been charged with heroism I will plead not guilty, and I should like to try myself, for I should be acquitted. There is a difference, my dear young lady between heroism and justice.

HULDAH. I refuse to change my opinion. You have been a hero in giving up your fortune.

JUDGE T. I have given one fortune, but I have gained another, my dear Miss Delmarte.

HULDAH. And that?

(Enter ARTHUR C. D., comes down C. Evening dress.)

JUDGE T. This. See (*taking ARTHUR'S hand*). We are united—never to part again. Eh, my boy?

ARTHUR. Never.

JUDGE T. I took the responsibility of bringing Arthur here without your invitation.

HULDAH (*interrupting him*). Sh, sh! As though we were trammelled with society's conventionalities. Oh, I am so happy! (*To ARTHUR.*) Come, are we to be kind—won't you shake hands and be yourself? I am sorry if I have been naughty. There now (*extends both hands*).

(Enter C. D., BELLA in evening dress.)

BELLA. For mercy sake will some one tell me where Rufus is? Oh, I did not know you were having a private conference.

HULDAH. We could hold no conference to which we would not be pleased to admit Miss Golden.

BELLA. My lands! I'm thankful for your good opinion. (*Aside*) She don't mean a word of it. She could stick a needle in me now. Ugh! the mendacious kangaroo!

(Enter, C. D., BIGGABY in evening dress.)

BIGGABY. Ah, my dear Judge (*to JUDGE T.*), I have been on the warpath hunting for you, so to speak.

BELLA. And not for me?

BIGGABY (*to BELLA*). Sweet tenant of the French flat of my heart, I knew you would look for me, therefore any search for you was unnecessary. You are the sunflower, and will follow the sun. I am your sun—as it were.

BELLA. My son! goodness gracious me, Rufus, have you been to the supper-room before time? You might as well say that I'm your daughter.

BIGGABY. I was using a figure—a figure of rhetoric—to express your adoration for me, which I thought was making itself apparent to you. You were mistaken, my *viola tricolor*.

BELLA. Your what?

BIGGABY. That's Latin for heartsease, so to speak.

BELLA. Oh, I'm a johnny-jump-up now. Well, that's better.

BIGGABY (*to JUDGE T.*). Judge, may I beg a word with you—the ladies excusing us?

JUDGE T. Certainly. Ladies (*bowing, then taking BIGGABY'S arm and going up C.*), we will soon return.

BIGGABY. And when we do there will be a sort of Fourth of July, as it were. (*Exeunt C. D.*)

BELLA (*Aside*). I suppose I'll have to take care of myself until that Fourth of July explodes. Well, I don't mind it. I know what Rufus is about. (*Aloud.*) You giddy young people, you must excuse me. I must go (*going up C.*). Oh, dear me, dear me, look at Rufus, don't he look too handsome walking with the

Judge. I'm not a bit jealous, but I think I'll keep my eye on him. (*Exit C. D.*)

(*Curtains fall on C. D.*)

HULDAH (*sitting L.*). I would give you the conventional penny for your thoughts, if I had my *porte monnaie*. I will offer you that amount, though, if you will trust me.

ARTHUR. I am afraid you would regret your purchase, and find your expenditure extravagant.

HULDAH. Nevertheless, I am spendthrift enough to repeat my offer. Come, what sombre fantasies are flitting through your brain, and darkening your features.

ARTHUR. Really, there are none.

HULDAH. Then, as your queen, I command you, whom I have chosen as my favored knight, to straighten your corrugated brow, and let a smile drop from the wrinkles of that frown.

ARTHUR. There are many others here who would be proud to enlist in your service, and who would prove more cheery knights than I.

HULDAH. But I do not want other knights. Tell me, do not you care to enlist in my service? (*Pause.*) You are diffident, my cavalier.

ARTHUR. Am I?

HULDAH. Yes, past, Arthur. Will you think me unkind if I speak of that which is past, that which I hope will soon be forgotten.

ARTHUR. I am certain you can speak of nothing that can give me pain.

HULDAH (*rising and crossing to him*). Are you grieving for that girl, Adele?

ARTHUR. No, I assure you, I never think of her with any emotion at all like grief.

HULDAH. You are sure?

ARTHUR. I can swear it.

HULDAH. (*Aside.*) Ah, at last he has forgotten her. But he fears I would jilt him for revenge. The end must be quickly reached, or I will be defeated. Well, if he will not propose to me, I must propose to him.

ARTHUR. I can relieve you from debt now, by offering you the penny you owe me for your thoughts.

HULDAH. I will tell them without reward, and I am going to be terribly in earnest. Are you willing to listen?

ARTHUR. Yes, proceed.

HULDAH. First answer me a question: Do you believe that it is wise in a woman to permit maidenly reserve and blind submission to the customs of society to tie her tongue when a word from her might render two people happy?

ARTHUR. I think it would be absurd for her to yield to that extent to any usage of society.

HULDAH. Thanks, you encourage me to do what the world would condemn as unwomanly; but no action can be unwomanly when

dictated by love. Arthur, I—I think that you love me, but that you feel that I, knowing your past, would laugh at an avowal from you (*placing her hand on his shoulder*). Ar—Arthur, I—I will not, could not laugh. Oh, Arthur, I will give you all my life.

(*The curtains on C. D. are opened, discovering ADELE C. pointing at HULDAH, BELLA and RUFUS at R., COL. B. and JUDGE T. at L., guests in rear. Other guests enter R. and L.*)

ADELE. There she stands! (*Comes down to R., COL. B., JUDGE T., BELLA and RUFUS, cross to L. Guests range R. and L.*) Look well at her, ladies, that you may know the schemer, flatterer, false-hearted woman, criminal, fit companion for drunkards, thieves and the lowest of her sex.

HULDAH (*clinging to ARTHUR*). Is that woman crazy? I am afraid of her.

ARTHUR (*throwing her off*). Do not appeal to me for protection. (*HULDAH crosses down R., ADELE up to ARTHUR L.*) If you had said one kind word, uttered one syllable of sympathy for this poor girl, whom you have so wronged, I might not say, as I do now—I loathe you.

JUDGE T. And permit me to say, that I was tricked by this bad woman, and in her presence let me again beg Miss Ellesmere's pardon for my past actions.

HULDAH. Ah, how brave! To unite against one woman.

ADELE. You forget you paid brutal men to injure one poor girl, who had no one to protect her, as you have.

HULDAH. I have one to protect me? .Whom?

ADELE. Your husband (*COL. B., crosses and bows to HULDAH*).

ALL. Husband!

HULDAH (*to COL. B.*). You?

COL. B. Yes, my dear, the courts would not divorce you and I return. What would you? We are all butterflies of folly, who must drift whichever way fate blows. The other side offered more than I knew you would or could, and, behold me.

HULDAH. Then as my husband stand by me and order all these people from my house.

ADELE. Huldah Delmarte, it is not your house.

HULDAH. What?

BIGGABY. Permit me to explain, as it were.

BELLA. That's right, Rufus, pitch in.

BIGGABY. Mrs. Ellesmere's mother died, forgiving her runaway daughter and leaving to her and her children all her estate. No trace could be found of the devisees, and the estate went to another branch of the family, and thence descended to Miss Delmarte, the defendant, as it were. But now Miss Ellesmere appears and claims her own.

JUDGE T. And I have granted an injunction enjoining you from converting the property until the matter is adjudicated.

HULDAH. Who tricked you with this farrago of nonsense?

(Enter C. D. PEDDIGRIN.)

PEDDI. I did ; and it's all true. That's the first time I ever admitted anything (*clock strikes eleven quickly*). (To HULDAH) I told you you would hear from me at eleven, and you have. Remember this, though, you are poor now, but I am rich, and don't be too ready to spurn for the second time old Peddigrin the lawyer.

ADELE. So, Huldah Delmarte, the claws of the tigress have been clipped, and the society belle I now turn from *my* house, as poor as the unhappy working-girl she would have permitted to perish in the snow.

COL. B. (to HULDAH). My darling wife, I believe this assemblage would prefer our absence (*offers his arm*). I will conduct you to your room, where, I presume, you will be permitted to rest until morning (*going to C. D.*). (To ADELE) "Maid of Athens, ere we part,"—as my true friend Georgie Gordon puts it—permit me to remark that any sum you may send me as payment for my part in this night's virtuous crusade will be gratefully accepted. But let the sum be large, and I promise you will never see us again, for I will invest it in—never mind what—as my tried friend Tommy Gray says, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Ladies and gentlemen, we are your most obedient.

(HULDAH and COL. B. bow low. *Exeunt C. D. to R.*)

PEDDI. And she never noticed me. I told her I was rich; she knows I would share; but she never noticed me—never. Oh, pretty, pretty Huldah, cruel Huldah!

(*Re-enter COL. B. Seizes PEDDI; runs him off C. D.; throws him to L. Bows and kisses hand to guests, and exit to R.*)

BELLA (*coming down to R., followed by BIGGABY*). Hooray, hooray, hooray! I must yell, or I'll cry. I'm so happy! Rufus, I'll marry you to-morrow. There!

BIGGABY. Then after to-day your name will no longer be Bella Golden, as it were.

JUDGE T. (*coming down L.*) And I am the first to wish you joy. (ADELE and ARTHUR cross to C.) (To ADELE). And so, Adele, we are the poor ones who come to you, the rich. But you are more forgiving than I was. You will not forsake us.

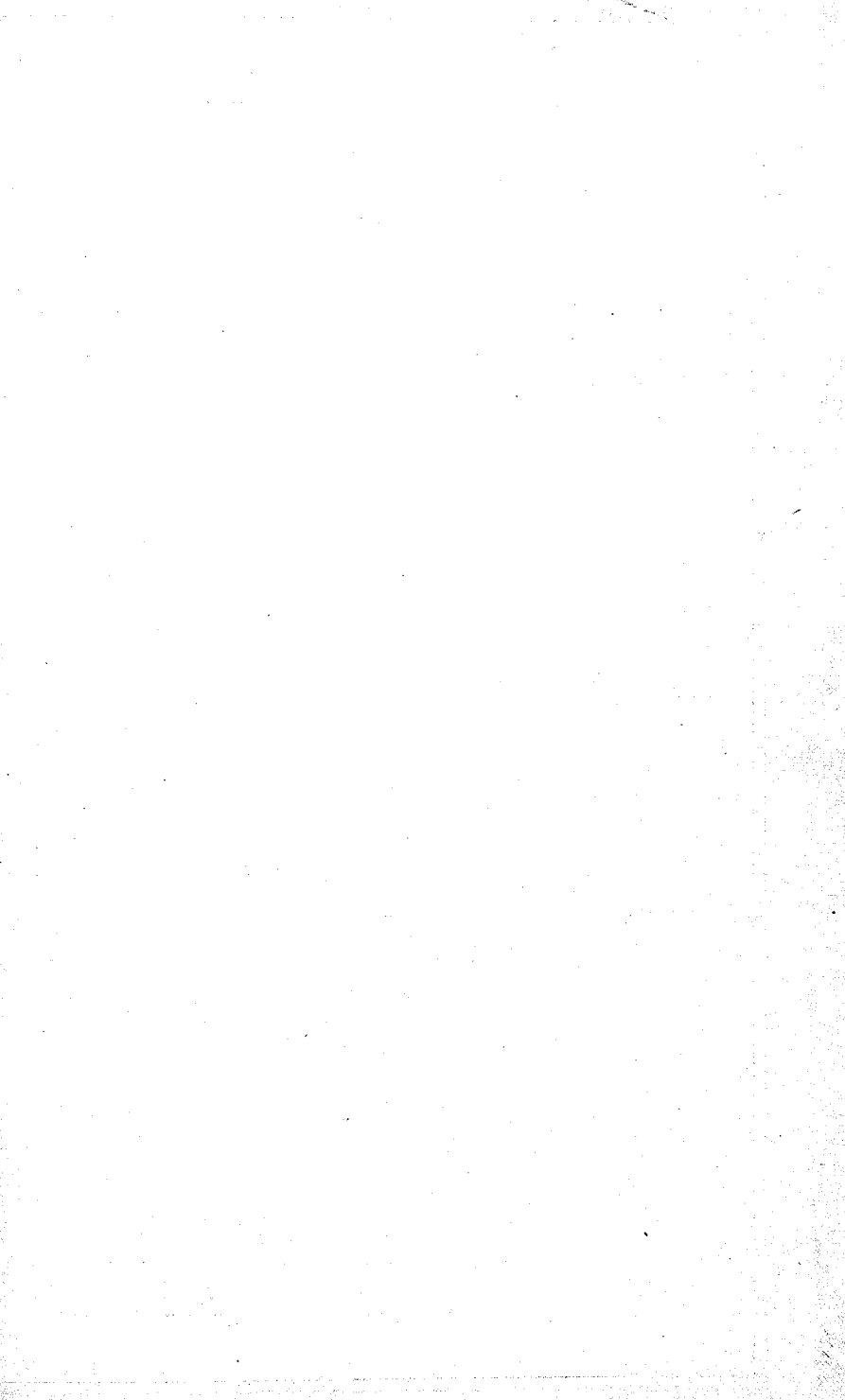
ADELE. Do not forget that Arthur was always true.

ARTHUR. And always will be, Adele, when you are society's queen, when happy days are here.

ADELE. Oh, Arthur, the happiest days in woman's life are when she loves and is loved. So I must ever look back fondly to when I was wooed and won, and then I was only Adele, the Saleslady!

(JUDGE T., L. ARTHUR, L. C. ADELE, C. BIGGABY,
R. C. BELLA, R. *Musical.*)

CURTAIN.



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